

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 974

Week Ending
NOVEMBER 20, 1937

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d

THE SEASONS ARE CHANGING

See
Page
Nine

OUR MARCO POLO

An English Boy at the Court of China

ADDED to the tragedy of the conflict between China and Japan there is a poignant interest in the astounding change that has come about in the relations between the East and West.

China, with her hundreds of millions of people, comes to the West to seek redress for the wrongs she suffers from Japan. Times have changed since she regarded the rest of the world as barbarians.

A Self-Sufficient Empire

Self-sufficient, with a population of 400 millions, she thought herself the centre and mistress of the world. She had no travellers, and knew nothing of life's realities beyond her borders.

So it was as inferior beings that men were received who went out to seek trade with her, and so bad was the treatment meted out to them that in 1792 Lord Macartney was sent at the head of a British Mission to attempt to establish better relations.

It chanced that the only member of the mission who could speak Chinese was a boy of 13, George Thomas Staunton, son of Macartney's secretary and lifelong friend. On landing the mission found awaiting it as gifts 20 bullocks, 120 sheep, 120 pigs, and stacks of other kinds of food, while the British presents borne for the Emperor, varying between costly watches and carriages, filled 90 wagons and 40 barrows, 200 horses and 3000 men being employed to carry them.

The Long Journey to Jehol

But the Emperor, lordly man, did not trouble to meet the embassy at his capital of Peking, an immense journey to Jehol having to be undertaken by Macartney and his suite to reach him where he rested. With him went little George as page; and it was well that he did, for there were extraordinary difficulties to be met.

The Chinese, deeming themselves the greatest of nations, demanded that the ambassador, on entering the Imperial presence, should perform the kowtow—that is, bow his head to the ground in token of abject submission to the Son of Heaven, as the Emperor was called.

It was the task of George to explain that such an act could not be permitted; that the ambassador was present as the representative of our King, of whom no such humiliation could have been asked.

What Macartney did was to kneel on one knee, raising his hands above his head with the gold box in which was the address from the King of England. It being mentioned that little George was the only possible

Interpreter, the Emperor desired that the lad should be presented to him, and, charmed with the little fellow's looks, speech, and bearing, he took his great purse from his belt and gave it to him, and during the banquet sent him dainties from his own table.

George Staunton was the first European boy seen at the Chinese Court since the long stay there of Marco Polo nearly five centuries before.

George knew no Chinese until he heard that his father was to be one of the embassy. Then he got in touch with two Chinese natives who spoke English, and learned their language.

In later years, returning to China as a man, he repaid China for her kindness to him by introducing vaccination against smallpox to her doctors.

Like a Plague in Egypt

THE FUNERAL PYRES OF INFECTED CATTLE

ONCE again foot-and-mouth disease, as unforeseen as the plague which smote Pharaoh's cattle in Egypt, has descended on England.

When it appears, though its presence is manifest in only one animal, as at Stowmarket, nothing is known to stop its spread. There is only one remedy, which is to destroy the cattle. At Stowmarket 300 beasts were sacrificed.

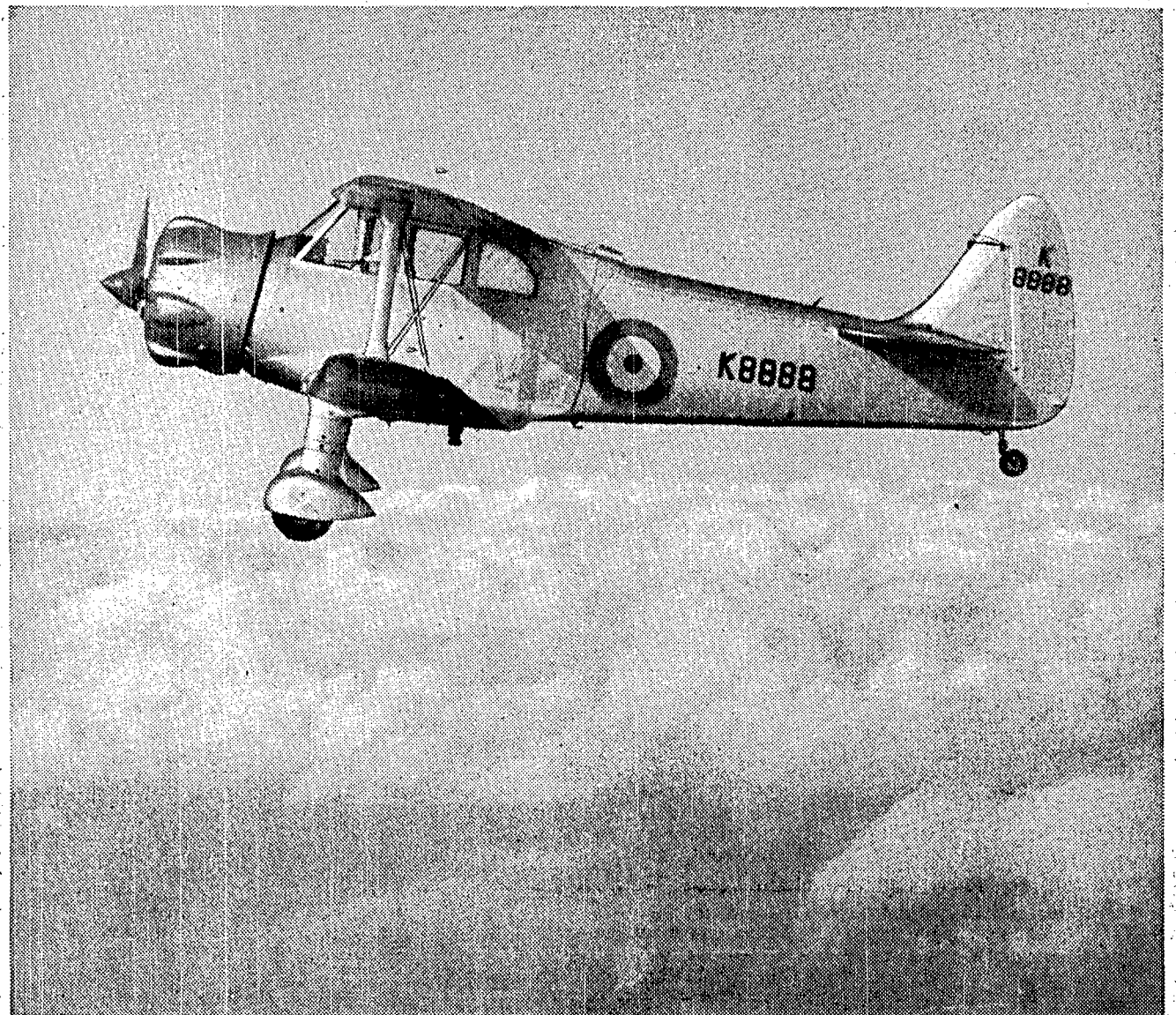
At Frittenden in Kent one cow was found to be infected on a farm where there were 50 dairy cattle, sheep, and pigs. The 50 were killed and burnt on petrol-soaked pyres. Lest even this precaution prove insufficient, nearly all the county of Kent south and east of a line drawn from Chatham to Tunbridge Wells is placed under quaran-

tine. No cattle may be moved in it. Similar restrictions are enforced in Lincolnshire, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge, where no cattle must move in or out of the areas of infection. Nearly half the country is isolated by the order of the Board of Agriculture, and cattle worth £80,000 have been killed and their bodies burnt to save the others.

After more than 25 years of scientific inquiry into the causes and spread of the disease no other way is open. The smoke of the sacrifice goes up in the fields. The farmers stand helplessly by, their hopes and savings going up with it. They may not be ruined. Insurance and compensation snatch something from the blaze. But the

Continued on page 2

A Plane Without a Man



This new plane, known as the Queen Wasp, was catapulted into the air without a pilot and landed safely from its flight at Portsmouth. Its movements having been controlled from the ground.

IN THE PARIS WILDS

Mystery of the Deer

Those who knew Paris a few summers ago were saddened when they heard that the last of the wild deer of the Bois de Boulogne had been banished to captivity.

Running out from the woods and thickets on to the great wide carriage-way, one after another they were killed or mutilated by cars, so at last huntsmen were called out, and the last score of the deer were captured and sent off to the Zoo for safety.

Then it was found that the net had not been completely closed, for one remained in freedom, to appear, like a ghost of the departed herd, before the astonished gaze of motorists and pedestrians passing at night.

The other day a deer was killed in the Bois, and that, said everybody, was the end of all the free deer in Paris. But they were wrong. Examination proved that the unfortunate deer was not the one known to be at large; it was a fawn less than two years old. Therefore there must still be two deer at large, the parents of the one just killed.

Here is a sad little romance, recalling the appearance in our own land of animals supposed to have been extinct for generations in our industrial districts.

Did Fräulein Find the Union Jack?

Kilimanjaro, the crowning height of Africa, has already been climbed by Britons and Germans, but never until the other day by a woman. Now Fräulein Ursula Albinus has achieved the wonderful feat, reaching the summit, over 19,200 feet up in the air, by what we are told is a new route.

Whatever the path she trod, the achievement is magnificent, for all mountaineers who have essayed the climb declare it, for its height, one of the worst in the world. The climber has to face piercing winds and to encounter ice and vast sheets of treacherous slipping shingle which may slide with him down a slope and carry him to death; and when the crown is approached there lies a colossal crater, filled with eternal ice, from which flows a stream to form the River Pangani.

One of its peaks is known as Leopard Point, because when it was first climbed men found there an ibex and a leopard frozen to death. Evidently the leopard had been following its prey, and the mountain goat had fled higher and higher up the mountain in its efforts to escape; finally, right at the summit, they both must have been caught in a blizzard and overwhelmed. How long they had been there no one can say.

This story reminds us of a curious find on the summit of Mont Blanc. When they were digging to find solid rock for the foundations for an observatory to be built there, they failed to find rock, but at a depth of twelve feet found a plum stone!

Two Englishmen who climbed Kilimanjaro 15 years ago suffered intensely from mountain sickness, from difficulty in breathing in the rarefied air, and from pulses raised to 130 a minute. They left a Union Jack stuck up on the topmost pinnacle: we wonder if Fräulein Ursula found any remains of it.

The Thief

Every morning the milkman left a bottle of milk on the doorstep of a bungalow at Cray's Hill near Billericay, but for several days there was no milk for breakfast. A silent thief emptied the milk bottle and slipped away.

The police, watching the bungalow, at last saw a hedgehog making for the doorstep. It knocked the milk bottle over, pierced the cardboard cap, and drank the milk.

This Troubled World

WARS AND PACTS

THE events of the past few months have proved, as the Great War proved, that no part of the world can remain unaffected by events occurring anywhere on its surface.

The nations which hold similar views must come together in counsel; and this is what is happening.

On the one side we have the pact recently signed between Germany, Italy, and Japan against what they regard as Communism, and on the other side is the encouraging fact of a delegation from America coming once again to Europe to consult with the democracies as to how to bring peace and security back to the world, for we must realise that the war in China cannot long continue without involving other nations.

Peace in China is to the interest of Germany and Italy as well as America and Britain.

Japan has continued to march south and has captured the capital of wealthy Shansi. Most of Inner Mongolia acknowledges her sway, but Outer Mongolia on the other side has now definitely allied itself with the Russian Soviet Union, her representatives attending the Moscow Parade on the 20th anniversary of the

Revolution. It is said that Japan has 250,000 troops north of the Great Wall in addition to the thousands in China proper. Many of these have been landed at Hangchow, south of Shanghai.

In Europe the Non-Intervention Committee has moved in the direction of confining the Spanish struggle to Spaniards by approaching both sides and asking them to agree to the British plan for the restoration of control and the cessation of foreign help. Italian infantry are already leaving Spain.

In Central Europe a cause of tension between Germany and Poland has been relaxed by an agreement between the two countries to respect each other's minority populations, permitting them to enjoy their own languages and customs, and to attend their own schools. It is to be hoped that such an agreement will be extended to Czecho-Slovakia, where there is much anxiety.

One of the most anxious new problems that has arisen is perplexing all lovers of Freedom, who wish to know whether the new Three-Power agreement against Communism is directed only against Communism or against all other forms of Government but Fascism.

TROUBLE OVER A METEORITE

There is remarkable news this week of something probably unparalleled in history.

It is the news of a boundary-line of two regions drawn across a piece of another world.

What has happened is that a giant meteorite which was known to have fallen centuries ago in North Argentina has been found after 400 years. The discovery is interesting to all scientists, and may lead to the transfer of a million and a half acres of land from the Territory of the Chaco to the Province of Santiago del Estero.

The legend of the meteorite having fallen began when, in the 16th century, it was noticed that the spears used by the Red Indians were tipped with iron. The story was told that the iron was from a meteorite, but no one could find it. It grew into a legend, and was given the name of Meson de Fierro, and in 1884 the Parliament of Argentina decreed that the boundary-line between the Gran Chaco and the province of Santiago del Estero should pass "over the Meson." A line was drawn haphazard in accordance with this decision, but now that the meteorite has actually been found it is said to be about 13 miles from the boundary-line.

A WAY THROUGH THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

The North-West Passage has at long last been made.

This news which would have thrilled the world last century is contained in a simple message from the Nascopie, the ship of the Canadian Arctic Expedition. Her commander announces that he has made the first crossing of the Bellot Strait between Somerset Island and the Boothia Peninsula, which is the north-east tip of Canada.

This is the true North-West Passage, and has been known for over eighty years, since it was discovered by Lieutenant Bellot in 1852, but it has never been sailed before. It is 20 miles long, sometimes less than a mile broad, and the Nascopie made her way through it between towering cliffs of granite.

The older North-West Passage is farther north and was first sighted as long ago as 1585 by John Davis. It leads by way of Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, and Peel Sound, and the effort to get through such a passage to Europe continued for centuries.

Roald Amundsen was almost the last to seek to break through the old way in the years 1903 to 1907. But, though it could be made by sledge, no ship ever burst through its frozen waters.

LIKE A PLAGUE IN EGYPT

Continued from page 1

work and prospects of the farm are damaged to an extent which no partial payment for their livestock can compensate. At the same time the markets have to be closed.

The question which all must ask is: *Is there nothing to be done?*

The scientific bacteriologists who have for so long been trying to find an answer have little satisfactory to say. They know that the disease is caused by a micro-organism of the kind which is named a virus. A virus causes influenza, another virus causes dog distemper, another swine fever, another measles. The peculiarity of foot-and-mouth disease is that no fewer than four viruses are concerned with it. No one is certain which virus is responsible for an outbreak of the disease, or whether more than one is implicated.

In one virus disease, distemper in dogs, it has been possible to find a way of prevention; but this is a solitary example. No inoculation will guarantee cattle against foot-and-mouth disease.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The new Veterinary College opened by the King is one of the finest animal colleges in the world, superbly built and equipped at a cost of £285,000.

Mrs Sarah Cook of East Hanning, Berkshire, has left in her will "a new bell rope for the fourth bell at the parish church."

The number of Italian officers and men lost in Abyssinia since January 1, 1935, is 4058.

A warehouse with immense quantities of celluloid toys has been burned down at Birmingham.

A C.N. reader at Letchworth has counted forty flowers blooming in her garden in this beautiful autumn.

Fifty thousand tons of milk is being sent to Spain by the British Youth Peace Assembly.

The gold badge of the Lifeboat Institution has been given to Mrs Manby, a Staffordshire lady of Codsall, who with her helpers has knitted 1525 woollen scarves for lifeboatmen.

The Rotary Clubs of New Zealand and Fiji have been appealing for money to provide the Leper Station at Makogai with a cinema; and already about £800 has been collected.

More than 450 people were rescued from drowning by lifeboats round British coasts in ten months of this year.

Derbyshire County Council has refused to allow a ribbon-building plan on the road between Cromford and Whatstandwell.

A man has been fined for catching tawny owls by means of a gin trap set up on a pole.

There are now nearly eight million users of electricity in this country, but about 40 per cent of domestic premises are still without it.

Kim

You will meet Kim on the down platform of Sloane Square Station.

He is sure to be there, a handsome cat who enjoys being weighed more than anything else in the world. Taking his place on a weighing machine, he sits patiently till someone puts a penny in, and as soon as he has been weighed stalks off along the platform, has a little refreshment, and returns to the machine to be weighed again.

THINGS SEEN

Flowers sown for next spring blooming now at Letchworth.

A lorry carrying an old-fashioned hansom along the Victoria Embankment.

Traffic held up in Camberwell by a dozen frogs hopping out of a cyclist's tin.

A cat springing 60 feet in two leaps at Hornsey.

A big St Bernard looking after three tiger cubs at Chessington Zoo.

Raspberries and strawberries growing in November.

Three elderly ladies and a very old gentleman picking up conkers.

THINGS SAID

The well-being of the whole community depends largely on the health of our domestic animals.

The King

An essential factor for Peace is cooperation with the United States.

The Prime Minister

We are either on the brink of a volcano or at the turn of the tide.

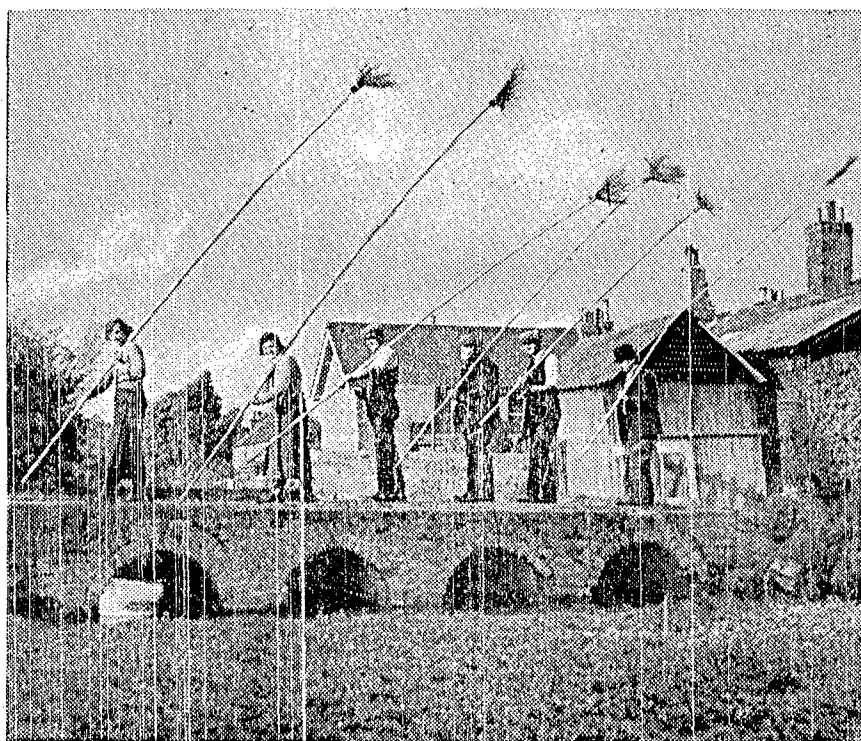
The Duke of Norfolk

A war postponed, even for a day, may be a war postponed for ever.

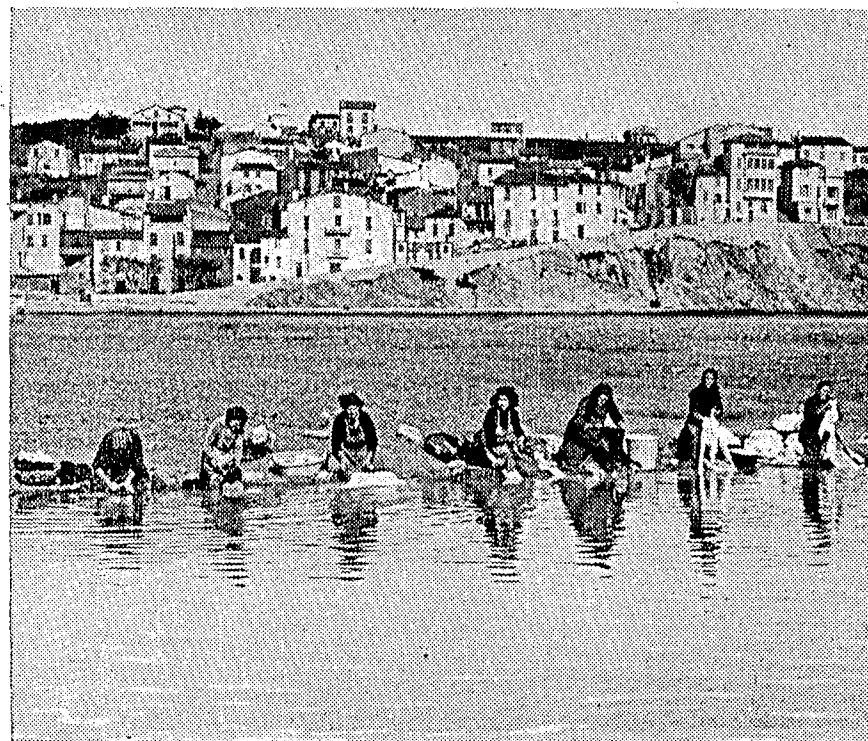
Mr Ramsbotham, M.P.

I was asked by a deputation of Scouts to live to 115. I said I did not know why they should stop at that.

Lord Baden-Powell



In Peaceful England—Setting out to the watercress beds at Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire. The long brooms are used to push the cress under the water to protect it from frost.



In Troubled Spain—Washing-day for refugees at Cerbère, on the border of France and Spain. Not many miles from this peaceful scene civil war is raging.

SOMETHING NEW IN FLIGHT?

Learning What The Birds Know

Colonel Lindbergh while at Bremen stood by an aeroplane, shook hands with the airwoman in it, and stopped to talk with her a few minutes.

There might seem nothing remarkable in that, when airmen all the world over do homage to daring airwomen, and the one in the plane at Bremen was Flight-Captain Hanna Reitsch, the only one to hold that rank.

But wait. While the two were talking, the plane, which is a helicopter, was eighteen inches off the ground. Fräulein Reitsch kept it there with her helicopter engine as magically suspended between heaven and earth as if it had been Mohammed's coffin, or Peter Pan.

The autogiro, a kind of helicopter, with its vanes whirling horizontally, many have seen, even over London, where the Metropolitan Police have employed one in practice many times in the last two summers. These machines have shown that they can soar, in the sense that they can support themselves in the air with their vanes, while moving forward at a comparatively slow pace.

They do not soar as a kestrel soars, when with vibrating wings it hovers without forward motion in one spot. We have seen a kestrel hovering, and a police helicopter moving over Richmond Old Deer Park at the same time, and noted the difference.

But this new German helicopter, in the cockpit of which sat Fräulein Reitsch, is said to be able not only to stay still in the air, and to rise straight up and come down in the same line, but to move backwards and sideways, just like a bird. If all that is claimed for it can be justified this is a new departure in flight.

No Homework

The headmaster of Leighton Buzzard Secondary School is very pleased with the success of his idea of not setting homework during the summer term.

He found that his pupils came to school each morning much less fatigued than when they had had homework to do. The "no set homework" tests did not mean that no work of any kind should be done, or that the children should be free to play at home, but was meant to give them a rest from the bustle of the day's lessons, and time to work out problems for themselves.

Right Triumphs A DRAGON IN THE DUST

EVERY town and city in England is conducting its affairs under the direction of its newly-elected mayor, and none of us is excited; we know that each will do his best for the interests of the community to which he is called to act as chief magistrate. But there is one mayor whose re-election has set the whole world rejoicing, and that is the Mayor of New York.

Mr Fiorello La Guardia is not everybody's darling, but he is passionately honest and the determined foe of wrongdoing, and so his return to office is welcomed everywhere as a triumph for right, honesty, and purity of public life.

New York has often been governed by the minions of an institution called Tammany Hall, an institution which enters, or seeks to enter, into every department of life. It divides the city into sections, each of which is run by a little army of men under a local boss. In the past it made New York one of the most corrupt of cities. It sold the right to do wrong; it controlled the public services; it corrupted the police

so that they were confederates of the lawless who paid them.

Smuggling, boot-legging, wholesale blackmail, and murderous violence were practised under its shield, for those who should have been the city watchdogs were the Tammany wolves. Traders of all sorts were terrorised by gangsters and racketeers, whom they had to pay for so-called protection against other gangs.

Four years ago Mr La Guardia triumphantly wrested the city from Tammany and submitted public life to such a cleansing as it has rarely known.

Tammany buckled its belt and prepared to overwhelm him when next he faced the polls. New York, however, gave him the biggest majority on record, and it has also returned to office with him a district attorney who is a terror to law-breakers.

These two strong men will continue to extend the reforms already begun, and racketeering and gangsterdom, which defile so many of the films presented as representative of modern life in New York, will soon be out of date.]

MILLIONS OF SPINDLES GOING A Year's Work of the New Cotton Board

The Spindles Board which was set up under the Cotton Spinning Industry Act of last year to reduce the number of idle spindles and unwanted mills has issued its first Report.

It reveals the fact that already 1,900,000 spindles have been scrapped, together with the disposal of the land, buildings, and other machinery connected with them.

This is an excellent beginning in a task which is designed to help the cotton industry to reorganise itself. The Act provided for a levy to be raised throughout the industry at the rate of a little over a penny a spindle. In addition the Spindles Board was authorised to borrow up to £2,000,000 toward the purchases.

In the first year the number of spindles on which the levy was made was 45,875,251, yielding £223,000; but as each year passes there will be fewer spindles and a smaller yield. When the Bill was before Parliament it was stated that the total number of redundant spindles was 15 millions, so a good start has been made; indeed, the Board has already arranged to acquire 1,305,000 more spindles, so that altogether 48 mills, costing the Board about £843,000, are being taken out of the industry.

It was estimated that this eliminating process would take 15 years, and that some of the cost would fall on the public purse; but the experience of the first year indicates that both the industry and the State will be much better off long before 1951.

Salute

All the world over are Boy Scouts prepared to do their duty.

During the bombing raids in China the Boy Scouts have been displaying magnificent courage. No sooner have the raids been over than the Scouts have appeared in the streets as if they had popped out of the ground. They have helped the police to distribute masks. They have given first-aid to the wounded, even at the risk of their lives. They have conducted food lines. They have helped in the hospitals. They have taken a hand in organising refugee crowds. Be Prepared is their motto, and they have shown that they are prepared to do anything anywhere.

We salute them.

Revealing the Tomb of Augustus



One of the good things done by Mussolini is to clear away unsightly buildings from the neighbourhood of many ancient monuments in Rome. Demolition is here in progress by the tomb of Augustus.

OUR FRIEND THE LOCOMOTIVE

Modern Developments

Lives there a boy with soul so dead who never to himself has said, I want to drive a locomotive? We doubt it, for it is a fine job.

The locomotive is always changing, even if in essence it remains the same thing. Sir Nigel Gresley, Chief Engineer of the L.N.E.R., has been talking of streamlining. This is of no advantage to trains of normal speed, but is of great and increasing value at high speeds. British trains are now running up to 100 miles an hour, and at such speeds the streamlined locomotive means a saving of approximately 200 horse-power. Streamlining of coaches means a further saving.

The measure of a locomotive's power is its capacity to turn water into steam. Whereas the express engine of 40 years ago, drawing a train of perhaps 200 tons, consumed 40 or 50 pounds of coal a mile, today engines drawing trains weighing 600 tons work at less than 40 pounds of coal a mile.

Bigger locomotives mean fewer engines and stronger bridges. Although our railways have 14,800 locomotives in use every weekday, as compared with 16,800 four years ago, these more modern engines cover over 500 million engine-miles a year, and each engine in use covers a greater mileage. The principal advantages of larger locomotives are the reduction of what is known as "double-heading," the use of two engines to pull one train, and the reduction of banking or assisting engines. Longer runs are made and heavier loads hauled.

Fewer types are now used. The number of locomotives required has been reduced by modern "mixed traffic" engines capable of hauling either express passenger or freight trains, as may be needed. This simplifies repair work.

Eton Versus St Helen's

Eton boys are to play a football match against a team at St Helen's, near Auckland in Durham.

Their match is part of the friendly relationships which have been preserved between the college and one of the most unfortunate of all the Durham mining villages. Some time ago the college adopted St Helen's, and as a result the village now has Eton Hall, a social centre built and maintained by the boys.

When two Eton masters and two of the boys motored 300 miles to spend an evening at St Helen's they received a warm welcome from the miners. An illuminated address was presented to them; and one of the masters was able to announce that he hoped to take an Eton team to play at St Helen's, and that before long the miners were to visit the college for a return match on the playing-fields of Eton.

Richard Wheeldon's Wheel of Fortune

Richard Wheeldon has been poaching in Lincolnshire, and appeared the other day before a magistrate, who sentenced him to two months' imprisonment.

"Beg pardon, sir, you cannot do it," said the poacher. The magistrate consulted the clerk and announced that the penalty would be a fine of £5.

So the Wheel of Fortune turned for Richard Wheeldon.

Troop 67, USA

Scouts of the United States help motorists by picking off the roads anything likely to make punctures.

Troop 67 has won for the third time a Californian anti-puncture trophy. In one year these Scouts collected from motoring roads 387,000 jagged pieces of metal, broken glass, or nails.

ITALY'S PROMISED LAND

The Viceroy's Plain Talk

ABYSSINIA hangs a dead weight about the shoulders of the new Roman Empire in Africa.

Before its conquest was planned the neighbouring Italian colony of Eritrea on the Red Sea was self-supporting and even prosperous, with a contented agricultural population approaching three-quarters of a million, and a satisfactory trade balance.

Marshal Graziani, Viceroy of Abyssinia, addressing a review of Eritrean producers and workers, admitted how changed that comfortable situation had become through the war with Abyssinia. The whole tenor of his speech was that it had cost Italy and Eritrea too much. The depressing moral he drew was that the Eritreans must draw in their belts and help Italy to lessen the drain on her gold. Last year, he said almost despairingly, Italy had to part with 1200 million lire of gold; it had to be gold because everything passing through the Suez Canal had to be paid for in gold.

Marshal Graziani did not say so in so many words, but he made it clear that this all came from the conquest of Abyssinia. As all know to their cost, when a war is on money flows freely. It flowed through Eritrea, which was the platform from which the Duce's great adventure started, and the Eritreans treated it as money found. Eritrean contractors, in order to get quick results, hired skilled Italian and native workmen, and raised their wages. Lightly come, lightly go, the contractor's profits and the workmen's wages had been spent, and the Eritreans were worse off than before. What a contrast, exclaimed the Marshal, piously, with those worthy agricultural Eritreans who for fifty years before had carried on without a lira from the Italian Government!

Now they could not extend their businesses nor sell their products because of the high cost of labour.

After apportioning the blame Marshal Graziani suggested the remedy. The Eritreans must put their shoulders to the wheel, but they must be careful of petrol. They had the fine ocean port of Massawa today, and would have the port of Assab tomorrow, but for the present Massawa was 750 miles from Addis Ababa and 500 from Gondar, and transport cost petrol, and petrol to Italy was the equal of gold because she had to buy it.

The Marshal ended by describing his audience as squanderers; and they were so impressed by his sternness that on returning to their homes the local governors began hastily to economise. The use of cars and trucks was forbidden except in cases of absolute necessity. Commercial failures were weeded out, and any Italian who now comes to start a business in the Promised Land has to deposit a guarantee in the bank.

Whether this will stop the rot remains to be seen, but it is becoming clear to Italians who emigrated to Eritrea in search of their fortunes that it is not paved with gold.

Other things than gold are lacking because merchants who sent goods into Eritrea are becoming shy of doing so as they cannot get paid for what they have sent. Italian merchants are among those hardest hit.

They are not the only ones who are sorry they ever heard of Abyssinia. Trustworthy information about the Italian soldiers there is hard to get, but it is not hard to believe that there is some discontent among them. They are strangers in a strange land always liable to become a hostile one.

THE BELL MAY RING AGAIN

A Tale of Mafeking Night

A BELL has rung again to remind us of the day when the Chief Scout was relieved in Mafeking, and of the wild night in England which followed the glad news.

Nearly 40 years ago Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell had held out for seven months, was relieved by Colonel Plumer, and England shouted for joy. Mafeking Night, May 17, 1900, added the new word mafficking to the vocabulary.

In the course of the mafficking a party of gay young fellows raided Harrogate Railway Station to steal the bell to add to the joyful clamour.

For all these years it has remained silent, no longer ringing in or ringing out the trains in an official manner. It rang out Mafeking Night, and Mr Bernard Lomas-Walker, who had been

the ringleader of the raiders, kept as silent about it as the bell.

But when young Mr Lomas-Walker became Chairman of the West Riding County Council, and was this year knighted for his services, he felt he could conceal his youthful indiscretion (and the bell) no longer, so he made confession to the North-Eastern Railway. The Divisional General Manager of the railway decided that the best thing to do was to make the culprit the rightful owner of his unlawful prize.

So, with proper ceremony, the bell, suitably inscribed with the tale of its capture, was legally presented to Sir Bernard Lomas-Walker, who now may ring it without fear or favour on all high days, holidays, and bonfire nights, Mafeking night included.

FROM THE VATICAN TO A ROOM IN BEDFORD

The Friendly World of Books

THE remarkable value of the National Central Library has been demonstrated in the last few days by a wonderful story from Bedfordshire.

A student in this county was anxious to obtain some information about an ancient Italian family. He discovered that this information could be obtained from a book published in Verona in 1656, so he came to London and asked for this book at the British Museum. The Museum did not possess a copy, nor could they inform him where one could be found, but they suggested that he should ask his county library to get in touch with the National Central Library. The Central Library failed to find a

copy in this country, but wrote to Italy, where the authorities circularised the libraries of their country and discovered that there was a copy of the book in the Vatican. Under the international scheme for the lending of books this rare work was sent to the National Central Library in Malet Place, London, and was from there despatched to the Bedfordshire County Library.

Of course the greatest care has been taken to ensure that no harm should come to this rare volume; but surely the fact that it should come at all is a striking example of the international friendship which exists among all educated people the world over.

BETTER FILMS

Some Excellent Results

By a Student of Films

That films are improving is the considered verdict of the British Film Institute in its fourth annual report.

It names a number of recent pictures of a "wide intellectual and social horizon," among them Lloyd's of London, Fire Over England, Romeo and Juliet, Mr Deeds Goes to Town, and Tudor Rose.

All these we have seen, and all are worthy. Of the five, two are English. These films, we are convinced, could be enjoyed by the men and women and children of all nations. They are true instruments of culture.

The report praises British non-fiction films highly. They are held to be Britain's "supreme contribution to the modern art of the film," and it is added that "their dramatic approach to the realities of everyday life gives them an appeal which is reflected in box-office takings."

Suitable films for children are still urgently needed. Inquiries indicate a growing demand for films for teaching music, languages, and history, three subjects in which films would be a valuable educational aid.

Better Times For Merchant Seamen

All who love the sea, as all good islanders should, will rejoice that at last the officers of the British Merchant Navy are to receive retiring pensions.

This Fund is being formed by agreement between shipowners and the associations representing the officers.

An officer joining the service at 21 will now be assured of a pension of £240 a year at 65, and if at any time he leaves the service he can withdraw all he has paid with interest. The scheme should do much to make the sea attractive to young men who are choosing a profession.

Turning to the ordinary seamen, the Board of Trade has made new rules which considerably raise the standard of accommodation in the merchant fleet.

We ought never to forget that in the Great War no fewer than 15,000 merchant seamen and fishermen lost their lives; they died for their country as truly as the men of the Royal Navy who perished at Jutland. Not a few seamen torpedoed and barely escaping with their lives signed on again as soon as they reached a British port.

Finer Boys Than in 1890

Dr Cyril Norwood has no doubt of the superiority of the modern boy when compared with the boy of 40 or 50 years ago. Speaking at a Boys Club Conference at Oxford he said:

If you look at the picture of a form in a London County Council higher elementary school or secondary school as it was in 1890, and again as it is today, the difference in quality of the human material leaps to the eye. The result of our educational work is incomparably better than it was 40 years ago. At the age of 14, both for girls and boys, we are producing a better article.

Then he went on to speak of the great value of clubs to those boys who have to leave school at 14 to plunge into wage-earning, and he added, "I do not think we can go on very much longer with the privileged few keeping their children at school up to the age of 18 while the children of the unprivileged are thrown on the labour market to take their chance at the age of 14."

The first Stradivarius violin to belong to the nation has been left to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Mrs Beatrice Mulgan, who used to play it while she lived.

BELLS RING AT EBBW VALE

The new bells of Ebbw Vale were merrily rung the other day when a great blast furnace was set to work again.

This marks the enterprise of Richard Thomas and Company in reviving iron and steel in the valley which was so recently a place of sorrow. The new bells were installed as a public thankoffering.

The furnace is not a new one, but is one of two erected in the war which have now been remodelled. Both are electrical, and charged automatically.

Let us wish good luck to the furnaces and the bells and the good people of Ebbw Vale!

THE DRAUGHT IN THE BUS

Mr T. P. Easton, general manager of the Newcastle Corporation Transport Department, has invented a ventilating device which he believes will do much to solve the problem of draughts.

His idea is to substitute for the ordinary strap-hanging rods a tube with small holes. The tube is continued to the front of the bus, where there is an air scoop, and experiments show that in this way the bus may be well ventilated without draughts.

A dozen buses are to be fitted with the new device in order to see if the public approve of it.

A TABLECLOTH IN SOUTH AFRICA

Mrs D. M. Fortt, writing from Jinga in Uganda to the Editor of the Bournemouth Daily Echo, says that her husband is a Government official and that she had just been with him to an outlying village called Nabivumbi.

It was a trip of 47 miles through the bush before arriving at a handful of huts almost too few to be called a village. The place is run by natives and kept in order by a Gombolola chief.

After a long palaver with the chief, a fatherly-looking man, the husband of Mrs Fortt announced that he and the mem-sahib would like to eat their food.

The chief ordered a table and chairs to be brought, and the picnic basket was opened and the contents arranged. The chief himself spread the tablecloth, which was found to be a perfectly clean copy of the Bournemouth Daily Echo some three years old!

THE LAXEY WHEEL

The people of Laxey in the Isle of Man are anxious about the famous Laxey waterwheel.

There is some talk of its being broken up, and it is hard to know what many folk in the village would do if this famous landmark were to disappear.

The wheel, made in Lancashire in 1853, was erected at Laxey a year after by a young engineer who wished to develop power enough to pump 250 gallons of water a minute from the Laxey mines. Over 70 feet across and 226 feet round, the wheel is six feet thick and has 188 water-buckets. It used to make two revolutions a minute and develop 200 horse-power, helping to keep clear the lead, copper, and silver mines, which extend to a depth of a thousand feet.

ECONOMISTS OF VIENNA

The Trade Guilds of Vienna have adopted a course of conduct reminding us of the crude economics of ancient days, when in England a law was passed to encourage the woollen industry by enacting that every corpse must be buried in a woollen shroud!

In Vienna the introduction of the device called the speaking clock, by which a telephone subscriber automatically obtains the "right time," as little children call it, has been stoutly opposed by the Watchmaker's Guild, who feel that Viennese citizens should consult watches or go without the time of day.

In the same way the Barber's Guild hope to succeed in preventing the army from using safety razors, so that the barbers must be called in to keep the military chins in order.

The Colporteur and the Bandits

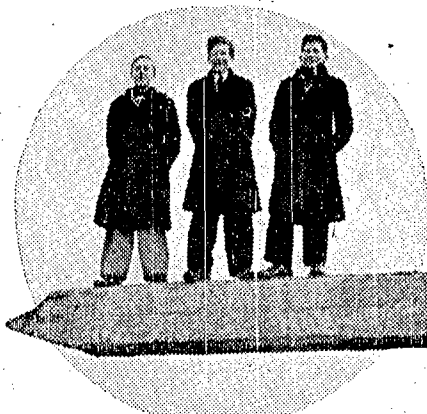
THE eyes of the world are on China, and from that great land comes a story of great courage amid danger.

The Bible Society has 400 colporteurs in its service in China, men with a quiet determination to make the Gospel known among their own people. One of them, Mr Chao, was seized one day by bandits in a mountain pass. After tying him hand and foot they searched him, but found only a few cents and the Gospels. "You are a good man," they said, "and we are sorry to hold you up, but we are poor robbers and must treat all captives alike."

There were several other victims besides Chao, all bound and blindfolded. They took Chao's hold-all and tied it round his head, but as the material was porous he could see what was happening, and he saw one of the bandits open a

Gospel of St Matthew and begin to read. Chao began to preach to them, but the robber said, "We are all evil men and there can be no hope of our salvation." "God will forgive you if you will only repent and believe," Chao assured them, and his words must have gone to their hearts, for soon they all went away, taking their loot with them but leaving their captives unharmed.

Then a remarkable thing happened. As soon as they were alone Chao, by now half-frozen, began rubbing his head to and fro on a rock, and at last managed to get it free of the hold-all. Then, with his teeth, he succeeded in loosing the thongs binding the man next to him, who in turn freed Chao. Together they then untied the other miserable wretches, and after a few kindly words from Chao they all went free again.



Charterhouse boys on one of the last of the 778 piles for Guildford Cathedral

A BOY ON A STAMP

Rosy health is suggested by New Zealand's new rose-coloured health stamp. It is twice the size of an ordinary stamp, and shows a boy in shorts standing on a mountain top, his right arm stretched over a rock as he looks round at the view.

HOBBIES FOR BOYS

Most boys are interested in how things work, and many are keen on making their own working models, or on some other hobby. The new Modern Boy's Book of Hobbies, which deals exhaustively with these things, includes articles on locomotives and ships, wireless and stamp-collecting, sports hints, and advice on model-making and other pursuits.

The book is published at six shillings, and there are dozens of fine illustrations.

NATIONS EXCHANGE

Finland and America have made a curious but useful exchange.

Finland wants to acclimatise beavers and deer. The United States needs black grouse and capercaillie from Finland. So the animals are being bartered for the birds, and we hope that both may thrive in their new habitats; but the introduction of foreign creatures often leads to unlooked-for results.



In subscribing to our fund for War Horses a reader in Macedonia states that some of them are still there; she sends this picture showing the kind of work animals perform in Macedonia

THROUGH AFRICA WITH A WALKING-STICK

Darkest Africa is no longer dark. That is the opinion of Mr and Mrs Albert Parker of Maritzburg, who have been on a 23,000-mile tramp through Africa.

Their journey took six years. They travelled from the east coast to the west, through the Kalahari Desert to the Belgian Congo, and through the British colonies and protectorates.

"Civilisation has penetrated almost throughout Africa," said Mr Parker. "In only one small corner did we meet anything like uncivilised people, and that was in Portuguese Nyassa. Even the so-called wild men did nothing to harm us. Never once did we need a firearm. It is possible to walk anywhere in Africa with a walking-stick."

BELISHA BARRACKS

Ministers for War have been known for caps and other small things they have introduced into the Army, but Mr Horre-Belisha may be known as the man who gave our soldiers decent homes.

He has arranged to spend £7,500,000 in modernising barracks, improving their lighting, heating, and sanitation, and generally making them more worthy of the men who serve their country so well as the Army of Peace.

FIFTY YEARS OF WEATHER IN THREE MONTHS

The novelists have given us the idea of a time machine, but we go to Watford to see time speeded up in fact.

At the Government Research Station near Watford is one of the most remarkable and ingenious inventions of our day. It is known as an accelerated weathering machine, enabling architects and builders to peer into the future and see what a slab of concrete will look like after being exposed to the weather for five or perhaps 50 years.

The machine subjects the concrete to heat and cold, to rain and fog, and all the ravages of any climate in the world. The climatic conditions are intensified so that the weathering of four seasons is produced in one day. Up to now building experts have had to wait ten years to see what effect that period of weathering will have on concrete; now they can see the result after a few days.

THE FROZEN EGG

Jack Frost, when he is properly in harness, is a good servant to man.

The frozen egg industry, which has grown to huge proportions in the United States in the last two years, may become an important industry in Europe.

Last year thousands of millions of eggs in America were broken, canned, and frozen. In nine States which form the great egg belt there are now about 200 egg-freezing plants.

The frozen-eggs, shelled and sold in bulk, will keep fresh from one to two years. Ordinary chilled eggs in their shells are usually kept in cold storage only six months. These canned eggs arrive frozen at the factories. When they are thawed they are as fresh as new-laid eggs.

Hundreds of girls crack eggs at the frozen-egg plants; they test each egg and see that no musty ones are canned. The yolks and whites are thrown together into vats, strained, and slightly churned.

THE OLD LADY AND HER BASKET

An old woman in a bonnet and cloak of Victorian days, having been shopping at Wimbledon, slipped and fell on the road, scattering her basket's contents.

A police car stopped and three policemen came to the rescue. One held up the traffic while the other two picked up as many as they could of the contents. But you cannot mend broken eggs. "I have only my old age pension, and these eggs were to last me for the week," said the old woman. A few minutes later she went away smiling, for one of the policemen had given her half-a-crown.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 20 1937



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Wonder of a Free Country

ONE of the most remarkable careers in the history of our people came to an end when Ramsay MacDonald fell asleep at sea last week.

Let those who think there are no opportunities for ordinary people to do great things look for five minutes at the life of this astonishing man.

A farm labourer's son, with a mother of great character, he gave himself what chances he had to master his fate. He earned his first wages by working in the fields. He came to London penniless and friendless at 19. When he stood for Parliament he got only a few hundred votes.

But nothing daunted him. He made up his mind that a man is architect of his own fortunes. He knew that the greatest thing in a man's life is not the money he has in his pocket but the knowledge he has in his head and the fire in his soul.

He began to build up a party of those who felt as he did, and the Labour Party came into being. Its rise was one of the wonders of the world.

When the great tragedy of the world overshadowed mankind in 1914 there were few men who dared to oppose the decision that we should go to war, but one of them was Ramsay MacDonald. It seemed that he was an out-cast in the political world.

The war was fought and won, a million of our men lay in their graves, Europe was broken to pieces and thrones were tottering everywhere; and Ramsay MacDonald in a few years became the chosen Leader of the English People. Nothing in a dream could seem more wonderful than that the poor boy of Lossiemouth should be Prime Minister, but it was true.

When the financial crisis came and the country was faced with grave danger, this man of great courage dared to leave his party and to go his own way for the country's sake. He left the political friends of a lifetime, saw the Labour Party walk away from Power, and remained at the head of a Government of all the Parties until he stood as high in the world's esteem as any statesman of our time.

In the natural process of our changing life his grip on his followers weakened, and he gave up his high office to Mr Baldwin, with whom he served until both resigned together, two of the plainest men who ever ruled at Westminster and two of the most astounding examples of the power of character in the country of the free.

The Hammock of Procrustes

THE Bed of Procrustes, a Greek highway robber, was an ingenious form of torture.

The victim was set down on it. If he was longer than the bed, a piece was chopped off him. If he was shorter than the bed he was stretched out to fit.

In the Royal Navy, it appears, hammocks in the past have been all of one size. This was all very well for the normal man or the short man, but long men found it uncomfortable. Giving ear to their complaint, the Admiralty have not imitated Procrustes but have ordered longer hammocks.

What We Do With Our Vowels

LORD DERBY has been pointing out that the pronunciation of his name is Darby.

This form is very old, and we find the same avoidance of the "er" in the pronunciation of Berks as Barks. Clerk, too, becomes clark in English usage, though in America they still say clerk.

The things we do with our vowels! Here are a few more examples of variegated pronunciations:

<i>Turk is terk</i>	<i>shirt is shert</i>
<i>work is werk</i>	<i>hurt is hert</i>
<i>lurk is lerk</i>	<i>Herts is harts</i>

No wonder the innocent foreigner is so greatly puzzled!

Look to the Gas

RARELY a week passes without loss of life, or serious injury, through carelessness with gas.

The latest case is of four children at Birmingham. Gas escaped into their bedroom, with the result that a two-year-old child perished and the three others had to be taken to hospital, where they fortunately recovered.

May we again plead with the Home Secretary to see that local authorities should regularly inspect all gas fittings, appliances, and mains?

If

I OFTEN think how much easier the world would have been to manage if Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini had chanced to have been at Oxford. They would not necessarily have been cast in one mould, but they would have had a background of thought that would have simplified many international problems. Lord Halifax

IF we had not started to rearm we should have been neglected in the councils of Europe; the privilege of leadership would have been denied to us, and we should have gone down in history unworthy of our past.

Sir Thomas Inskip

Drink at the Wheel

WE may wonder if there has ever been a more dramatic witness to the danger of Drink at the wheel of the car than the pitiful words spoken by a girl driver whose dangerous driving cost two lives and has deprived her of her liberty for eight months and of her licence for five years.

She saw the motor-cycle with the two people with whom her car collided, but *thought they were on the other side of the road.*

It is precisely the effect of alcohol according to the scientific text-books: a lesson the nation is learning in these days at a bitter cost.

Tip-Cat

SOME children always like to take the lead. Especially when they are taking the dog out.

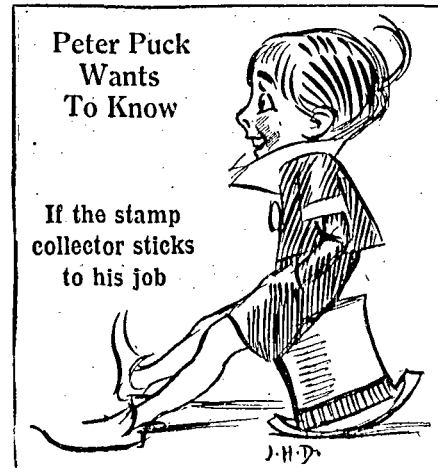
A SCHOOLBOY usually puts his foot in things. His sole failing.

THE girl who pores over her books doesn't get enough exercise. Unless she skips.

A LADY says she likes to look over empty houses. A bit awkward to climb up.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If the stamp collector sticks to his job



A MAN may have many ups and downs but still do his level best.

AT the seaside many people get their living out of boarding-houses. If the boarding-houses are like some we know we don't blame them.

MOUNTAIN climbing gives you an appetite. Ready for a high tea.

THE Germans have many food substitutes. Swallow anything they are told.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

OVER 650,000 slum people have already been given better homes in this country.

MR CHESTER BEATTY has given £40,000 to the Cancer Research Institute.

LORD NUFFIELD has given £150,000 to help the cure of cripples.

JUST AN IDEA

If the world were safer, if disease were conquered once and for all, if danger were destroyed, and life became one grand, sweet song, should we be any happier? Is it not challenge which makes the game worth while?

ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

Lady Aberdeen Speaks

Of all the voices heard at Armistice-tide none was more welcome or more moving than the voice of Isabel Marchioness of Aberdeen. All over the world it has been heard for half a century, and still it rings out for Peace.

"I feel somewhat nervous about Sunday," Lady Aberdeen wrote to the Editor; "it is my first appearance in the pulpit." But all C N readers will be grateful to this Happy Warrior upon whom Time leaves no mark except to make her more valiant, more resolute, and more unflinching in her faith that All is Well.

This is from Lady Aberdeen's little talk to young people at Aberdeen.

TODAY one generation speaks to another, and the word is one of hope and courage. They seem to say, "We were called by our country to take part in her warfare in a righteous cause and in the hope that war itself would be ended. We dreamt of a world such as we would have for you; but we know our work is unfinished and our dream unrealised. Will you, another generation, seek to do what we have failed to achieve?"

How can I, who belong to a still older generation, convey that message to you, a still younger one? We look abroad upon a world tormented by strife, bewildered by dissensions, and paralysed by fear. The Peace we hailed so joyfully 19 years ago seems only to have sown seeds of hatred, suspicion, and new wars.

But there is a light behind the clouds—nay, shining on the clouds.

Is there not in every land a great desire for Peace? Are there not far more comings and goings among the peoples? You younger folk know far more about the young people of other lands than we did; you are learning to understand and respect one another. You are learning to journey by the great roads of your own land and of other lands, and you welcome your brothers of other races to your hostels. These things are not in vain, and, as you do them, believe that the voice of the Past is saying, "Have Faith, not Fear." Your watchword is Forward to Peace.

You who are young are not responsible for the world into which you were born, but you must not leave it as it is. You can mightily help to fashion a nobler and more wonderful Tomorrow. In you lies the hope of mankind. We who must soon pass from this earthly scene believe that it is to you, the new generation, to whom is to be given the glorious privilege of establishing abiding Peace.

Will you prepare yourselves for this high and holy mission? Peace and Goodwill must first be born in our hearts, and where more surely than in the hearts of those who are young? This is the message I would bring you from the men and women of all races, whom in these days of Armistice-tide we hold in proud and everlasting remembrance. Surely you will answer them with a glad and willing *We will do this thing; we will build this noblest of memorials, World Peace.*

THE FOUR MEN HISTORY WILL NEVER FORGET

The Bitter Sight Two Men Saw in a Tent Just 25 Years Ago

It is 25 years this month since an Englishman looked into a tent and saw a sight that will never be forgotten as long as England lasts.

In the tent lay Captain Scott with one arm over his lifelong friend Wilson, Little Bowers on the other side, and near him a bundle of letters he had written as the three lay dying. They had faced the bitterest blow that could befall brave men. They had trudged hundreds of miles from the Pole, with comrades dying one by one, and had reached a point within 11 miles of food and safety. In all the story of the flag, in all the records of heroic deeds, is no more thrilling tale, just 25 years old.

The man who opened the tent and found them has left a deathless picture of the scene. He was Apsley Cherry-Garrard, and there has appeared this year a new one-volume edition of his great book *The Worst Journey in the World*. It is published by Chatto and Windus at only 7s 6d, and there is no cheaper or more thrilling book in print. We take from it the picture of the day when Cherry-Garrard and his friend Atkinson found Scott and his comrades immortal in their snow-white tent.



Captain Scott

Dr Wilson

Captain Oates

Lieutenant Bowers

NEARLY mid-day. 11-12 miles south of One Ton. We have found them. To say it has been a ghastly day cannot express it. It is too bad for words. The tent was there, about half a mile to the west of our course, and close to a drifted-up cairn of last year. It was covered with snow and looked just like a cairn, only an extra gathering of snow showing where the ventilator was, and so we found the door.

It was drifted up some 2-3 feet to windward. Just by the side two pairs of ski sticks, or the topmost half of them, appeared over the snow, and a bamboo which proved to be the mast of the sledge. Their story I am not going to try and put down. They got to this point on March 21, and on the 29th all was over.

Scott lay in the centre, Bill on his left, with his head towards the door, and Birdie on his right, lying with his feet towards the door.

Bill especially had died very quietly with his hands folded over his chest. Birdie also quietly. Oates's death was a very fine one. We go on tomorrow to try and find his body. He was glad that his regiment would be proud of him.

We have everything—records, diaries, etc. They have among other things several rolls of photographs, a meteorological log kept up to March 13, and, considering all things, a great many geological specimens. And they have stuck to everything. It is magnificent that men in such case should go on pulling everything that they have died to gain. I think they realised their coming end a long time before. By Scott's head was tobacco: there is also a bag of tea.

The First to Read Captain Scott's Diary

ATKINSON gathered everyone together and read to them the account of Oates's death given in Scott's Diary: Scott expressly states that he wishes it known. His last words are, For God's sake take care of our people.

Then Atkinson read the lesson from the Burial Service from Corinthians. Perhaps it has never been read in a more magnificent cathedral and under more impressive circumstances, for it is a grave which kings must envy. Then

some prayers from the Burial Service: and there, with the floor-cloth under them and the tent above, we buried them in their sleeping-bags. Surely their work has not been in vain.

That scene can never leave my memory. We with the dogs had seen Wright turn away from the course by himself, and the mule party swerve right-handed ahead of us. He had seen what he thought was a cairn, and then something looking black by its side. A vague kind of wonder gradually gave way to a real alarm. We came up to them, all halted. Wright came across to us: "It is the tent." I do not know how he knew. Just a waste of snow: to our right the remains of one of last year's cairns, a mere mound: and then three feet of bamboo sticking quite alone out of the snow: and then another mound of snow, perhaps a trifle more pointed. We walked up to it. I do not think we quite realised (not for very long), but someone reached up to a projection of snow and brushed it away. The green flap of the ventilator of the tent appeared, and we knew that the door was below.

Two of us entered, through the funnel of the outer tent, and through the bamboos, on which was stretched the lining of the inner tent. There was some snow (not much) between the two linings. But inside we could see nothing: the snow had drifted out the light. There was nothing to do but to dig the tent out. Soon we could see the outlines. There were three men here.

Bowers and Wilson were sleeping in their bags. Scott had thrown back the flaps of his bag at the end. His left hand was stretched over Wilson, his lifelong friend. Beneath the head of his bag, between the bag and the floor-cloth, was the green wallet in which he carried his diary. The brown books of diary were inside: and on the floor-cloth were some letters.

Everything was tidy. The tent had been pitched as well as ever, with the door facing down the sastrugi, the bamboos with a good spread, the tent itself taut and shipshape. There was no snow inside the inner lining. There were some loose pannikins from the cooker, the ordinary tent gear, the personal belongings, and a few more letters and records—personal and scientific. Near

Scott was a lamp formed from a tin and some lamp wick off a finnesko. It had been used to burn the little methylated spirit which remained. I think that Scott had used it to help to write up to the end. I feel sure that he had died last.

We sorted out the gear, records, papers, diaries, spare clothing, letters, chronometers, finnesko, socks, a flag. There was even a book which I had lent Bill for the journey, and he had brought it back!

Hour after hour, so it seemed to me, Atkinson sat in our tent and read. The finder was to read the diary and then it was to be brought home; these were Scott's instructions written on the cover. But Atkinson said he was only going to read sufficient to know what had happened, and after that they were brought home unopened and unread. When he had the outlines we all gathered together and he read to us the Message to the Public, and the account of Oates's death, which Scott had expressly wished to be known.

We never moved them. We took the bamboos of the tent away, and the tent itself covered them. And over them we built the cairn.

I do not know how long we were there, but when all was finished, and the chapter of Corinthians had been read, it was midnight of some day. The sun was dipping low above the Pole; the Barrier was almost in shadow; and the sky was blazing—sheets and sheets of iridescent clouds. The cairn and Cross stood dark against a glory of burnished gold.

[They left a note at the cairn with an inscription giving the names of the three, adding the cause of their death as inclement weather and lack of fuel, and commemorating their two gallant comrades: Oates, who walked to his death in a blizzard to save his comrades, and Seaman Evans, who died at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier.]

Midnight, November 12-13. I cannot think that anything which could be done to give these three great men a fitting grave has been left undone.

The Cross Above the Great White Cairn

A GREAT cairn has been built over them, a mark which must last for many years. That we can make anything that will be permanent on this Barrier is impossible, but as far as a lasting mark can be made it has been done. On this a cross has been fixed, made out of ski. On either side are the two sledges, fixed upright and dug in. The whole is very simple and most impressive. On a

bamboo standing by itself is left the record which I have copied into this book, and which has been signed by us all.

We shall leave some provisions here, and go on lightly laden to see if we can find Titus Oates's body. Titus did not show his foot till about three days before he died. The foot was then a great size, and almost every night it would be frost-bitten again. Then the last day at lunch he said he could go on no more, but they said he must: he wanted them to leave him behind in his bag. That night he turned in, hoping never to wake; but he woke, and then he asked their advice: they said they must all go on together. A thick blizzard was blowing, and he said, after a bit, "Well, I am just going outside, and I may be some time." They searched for him but could not find him.

The Memorial to a Very Gallant Gentleman

THEY had a terrible time on to their last camp. There Bill was very bad, and Birdie and the Owner had to do the camping. And then, eleven miles from plenty, they had nine days of blizzard, and that was the end.

November 13. We came on just under seven miles with a very cold moist wind hurting our faces all the way. We have left most of the provisions to pick up again. We purpose going on 13 miles tomorrow to search for Oates's body.

November 14. It has been a miserable march... We went on in a cold raw fog and some head wind, with constant frost-bites. The surface has been very bad all day for the 13 miles... We have seen no sign of Oates's body.

About half an hour ago it started to blow a blizzard, and it is now thick, which came along well considering the surface, are off their feed, and this may be the reason.

Dimitri saw the cairn with the cross more than eight miles away this morning, and in a good light it would be seen from much farther off.

November 15. We built a cairn to mark the spot near which Oates walked out to his death, and we placed a cross on it. Lashed to the cross is a record, as follows:

Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman, Captain L. E. G. Oates of the Inniskilling Dragoons. In March 1912, returning from the Pole, he walked willingly to his death in a blizzard to try and save his comrades, beset by hardship. This note is left by the Relief Expedition, 1912.

THE OLD HOME OF JOHN POUNDS

A Cripple and 500 Ragamuffins

PORTSMOUTH has had the excellent idea of buying and rebuilding the old home of John Pounds and making it into a permanent memorial to him.

The house, now in Highbury Street, would be taken down in sections and put up again in the old churchyard of St Mary's (which the city intends to buy) behind the cathedral.

So the cripple-cobbler who started the Ragged Schools would be honoured for all time in his native town, and all the world will be able to go to his old home to pay him tribute. He rescued over 500 ragamuffins from the streets and sent them out into the world as useful citizens, and now we shall be able to see the tiny room where he used to hold his classes, teaching sewing,

reading, cooking, and, of course, cobbling. John Pounds was not born a cripple. When he was 15 he fell and fractured one of his thighs, handicapping him for life, and so became a cobbler. He adopted a small nephew, crippled like himself, and was able to cure him by making him boots with iron supports. Then came the problem of education and the idea of starting a class for all the poor children in the district. He would make friends with waifs in the streets by luring them to his home with baked potatoes; and so began his life-work, which he carried on for thirty years, dying at the age of 72, the most beloved man in his town.

It is hoped that the work will be finished in time for his centenary in 1939.

A Gallery of Frauds

THINGS THAT ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

IN the little museum at Rochester there is a cautionary exhibit, a collection of spurious antiques presented by a professional dealer as a warning to the unwary against the fraudulent imitations which flood the market.

But Vienna has done a bolder thing. The Director of its Museum for Plastic Art and Handicrafts has arranged there a display of fraudulent works of a wider fame, for noted collectors, courageous enough to laugh at their follies, have lent him nearly a hundred imitations sold to them as genuine works of art.

The production of false antiques, the forgery of pictures, the substitution of famous names for names unknown or little esteemed is one of the organised industries of the underworld of art. Our own National Gallery in the past has twice bought false Rembrandts; it has had a picture falsely ascribed to Dürer, another to Velasquez, another to Holbein; and these pretenders have taken their places for a while with masterpieces among the world's treasures.

We often read in the life-stories of artists that this or that youth soon became so proficient that his master was unable to teach him anything further. The mischief arises in later generations when the work of the pupil is passed off as that of the master. Hence more and more galleries go over their treasures and substitute for the names of deathless artists the non-committal words "School of" So-and-so.

In the principal galleries of Europe we see men and women copying masterpieces. Some of them copy only one artist's works, some only one picture by the artist. The copies are sold for

two or three pounds each, and are carried about the world, many of them no doubt to pass in course of time as the actual work of the artist from whom the copy was made.

Some years ago we had an extraordinary example of the kind in London, where in a miserable garret lived the grandson of an artist in whom genius was mixed with insanity. The grandson's mind seemed a mirror of the works of Constable and Turner, and he painted in the manner of these two artists marvellous imitations of the originals.

Too poor to buy canvases, he haunted the shops of second-hand booksellers and begged ruined covers of old folios and other books, and made these serve. We saw one of his "Constables" painted on the broken leaf of a mahogany table, another on the seat of an old wooden chair; others on the inner sides of frying-pans and saucepan lids, and one on a dripping-tin.

His constant friend was a bookseller, who put up the pictures in his shop and sold them for what they were—the work of a starving ne'er-do-well who had perhaps a strain of genius in him. But there came to him men who "knew," men who were confident that they recognised on the book-covers and the boards unknown work of Turner or Constable, and they bought in the belief that they were astute fellows, and the shopkeeper an ignoramus selling gems at absurd prices.

For two of these works a man paid ten pounds, but sold them to an American as Turners for £700. America, we were assured, teemed with this ne'er-do-well's imitation Constables and Turners.

Agincourt Dinner Tables

THE autumn season of public festivity and entertainment is now upon us, the season of regimental dinners, of Old Boy and Old Girl gatherings at the dining-table, and of all manner of bodies in which men and women are brigaded in the interests of charity, friendship, and public work.

It does not matter that winter looms at hand; food comes to us from the ends of the earth, and out from cold storage are brought delicacies and necessities as fresh as when they were gathered. How did our forefathers fare at such seasons? There remained no fresh meat for them in winter; for all had gone before this date into the salt-tubs; there were very few vegetables for winter use, and so, with too much salt food and too little to qualify it, scurvy was rampant.

But although they lacked the prime necessities of the modern table, and knew not of many of the things that are commonplace elements of our diet, they ate things that would shock us.

If a whale came ashore it was eaten; so were such strange creatures as swordfish, porpoises—and minnows! In place of game or poultry, or in addition to them, they ate sparrows, ospreys, bustards, swans, cranes, herons, magpies, starlings, rooks, and crows.

Britain Building For the World

IT seems as if Britain is building for the world. Far beyond our own shores are British engineers in control.

In Greece our engineers are reclaiming land for irrigation and building purposes, the scheme costing about six million sterling. In South Africa British enterprise is doubling the area of Cape-town at a cost of £2,000,000. In India the Cleveland Engineering Company is building the Howrah Bridge at a cost of £1,500,000. In Rhodesia Dorman

Nobles who fought at Agincourt considered squirrels and hedgehogs desirable luxuries in their winter fare. They decked their strange meats with fantastic and extravagant fancies. Each dinner ended with some set-piece in pastry enclosing surprising items of food within.

We thrill with delight at the love-making scene between Henry the Fifth and the French king's daughter Kate, so exquisitely set forth by Shakespeare; but who remembers that for her coronation feast Henry crowned the banquet with one of these subtleties, as they were called: a huge confection representing a pelican on a nest, and an image of St Katherine holding a book and disputing with the learned doctors.

Great was the array of spices with which such banquets were treated—ginger, cinnamon, heliotrope, pepper, cloves, mace, nutmeg, aniseed, galingale, saffron, raisins, prunes, dates, rice, and other things. Some were for the delight of the palate; others were to hide the taste of food which was no longer fresh.

The house that gave us Harry Hotspur spent about £300 a year on spices alone. Yet a modern English labourer in the country has sounder food on his table than the victor of Agincourt and the men of his court, whose dress was rich with gold and jewels.

Long are building the Zambesi suspension bridge with a span of 1050 feet. In Brazil British firms are handling huge contracts for the renewal of bridges on the San Paulo Railway; and in Russia British firms have orders for electrical plant amounting to £7,000,000.

Countries abroad have implicit faith in our engineering and building firms; and there is apparently the feeling that British overseers are better able to control foreign labour than any others.

THE NEW PROSPERITY

FOR nearly a century the canals cut through England early in the Industrial Age have been lying neglected, but it seems that a change in outlook toward them is at hand. Goods are now being carried by water all the way from towns in the centre of England to towns in the middle of Europe.

Some weeks ago the Grand Union Canal Carrying Company sent its first steamer on a regular service between Regent's Canal Dock and a dock in Antwerp which is connected by canal and river with towns in Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, and even Switzerland. It was water, water all the way for these goods made by British workers, a pioneer service showing how to make use of many a neglected canal.

Motor-barges laden with our merchandise today make their way silently to the Thames-side dock from Birmingham and its satellite towns, from Warwick and Leicester, from Derby and Nottingham; and were it not that the Mersey and Humber ports are more accessible to other inland towns linked to them by canal, even more goods would be passing through London on their way by water to Antwerp. As it is, nearly a million tons of goods a year move quietly through London on barge and river steamer on their way in and out of the countryside around her.

All the Way by Water

It is a curious thing concerning this new route that a motor-car manufactured in Birmingham or Coventry can be carried all the way by barge and steamer to Basle in Switzerland without receiving a mark from a road or a railway truck on its tyres! Each motor-car thus taken (and very cheaply taken) to its Swiss purchaser means one motor-journey less along our overcrowded English roads, and calls attention to the point, which has often been made in the C.N., that the canals should be used to relieve the roads.

They are doing so to a certain extent now, thanks to the extensive improvements both in the waterway and the craft on it. The canals are sharing in the wave of prosperity of today mainly because it is the heavy and imperishable goods which are most suited to this kind of transport, and the busy armament industry requires coal, iron, steel, and other metals which can be cheaply conveyed by water.

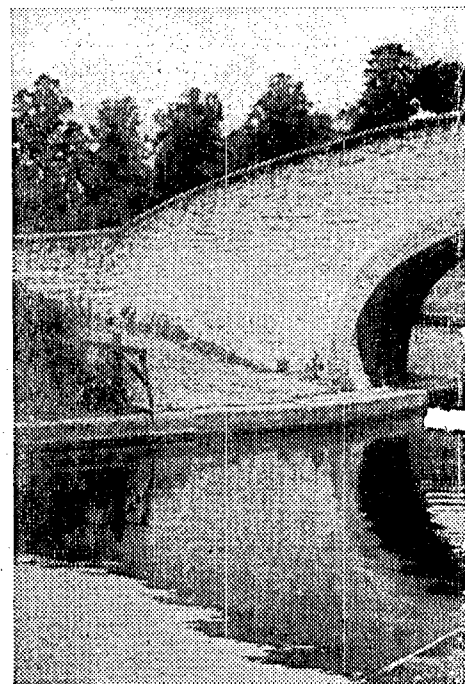
There is a revival, and it is estimated that the tonnage borne this year will be nearly 20 per cent more than last year, when there were 188,000 tons more than in 1935. Of the 12,430,000 tons carried on our chief canals last year coal and other fuel accounted for over one half,

and the increased traffic went to the canals which the railways do not own.

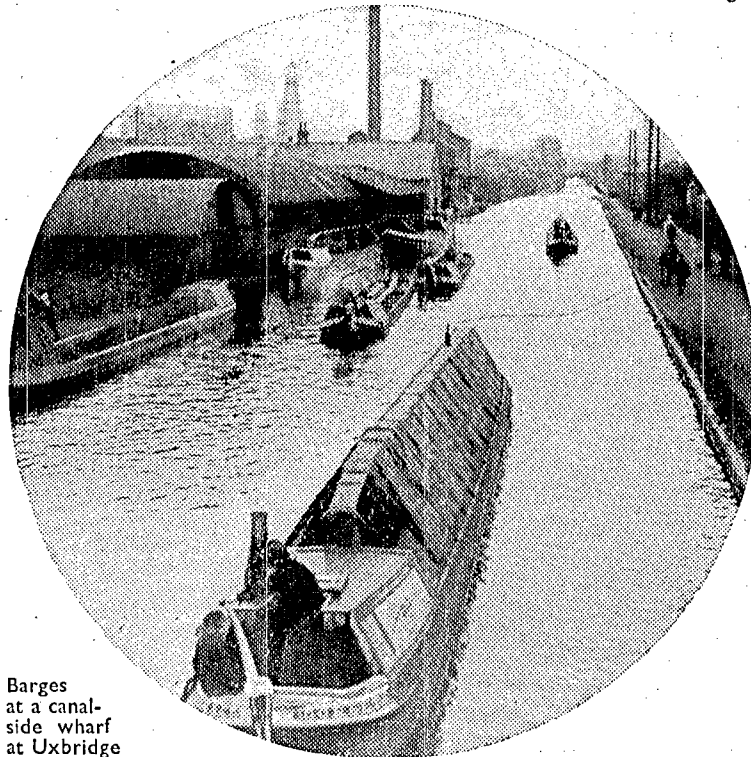
In the past the railway companies have done their utmost to kill competition by water, buying up the canals which had just been cut through the length and breadth of our island, and either allowing them to become stagnant ponds or using them only as links in vital points of their own systems; but there exist today some splendid waterways not owned by railway companies. The chief of these is the Yorkshire Aire and Calder through Leeds, which carried nearly one-and-a-half million tons in the first six months of this year; while during the same period the Birmingham group carried 1,270,000 tons, and the Grand Union Canal, linking Birmingham and Nottingham with London, carried over a million tons.

A glance at the canal map on this page shows in the form of a St Andrew's Cross, with its centre at Birmingham and the ends of its arms in the Humber, Thames, Bristol Channel, and the Mersey, the most important waterway group in England.

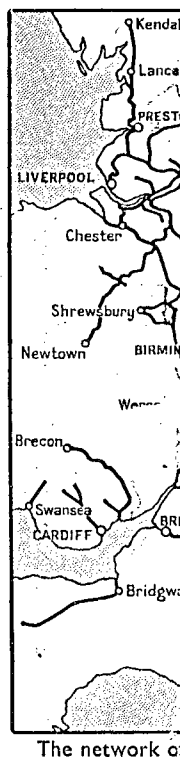
Between Nottingham and the Humber the River Trent has been deepened and improved as a waterway in recent years, and it is interesting to recall that the Fosse Way (the seven-mile straight line in our map between Lincoln and the Trent) was actually dug by the Romans when they civilised Britain. London's



A delightful scene on the Grand Union Canal.

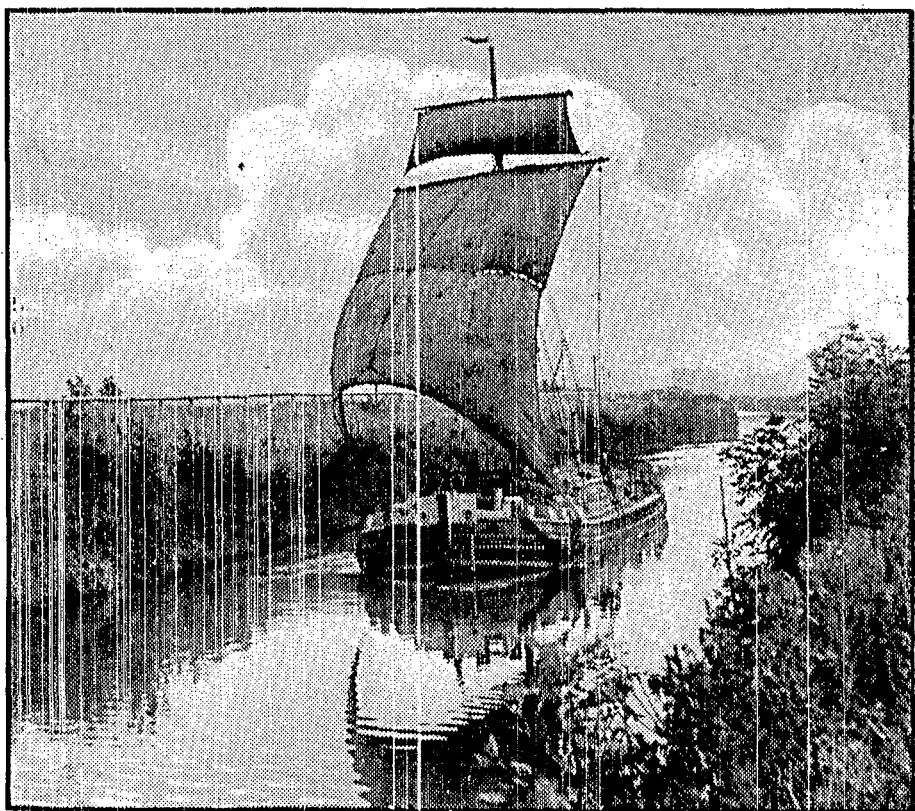


Barges at a canal-side wharf at Uxbridge.

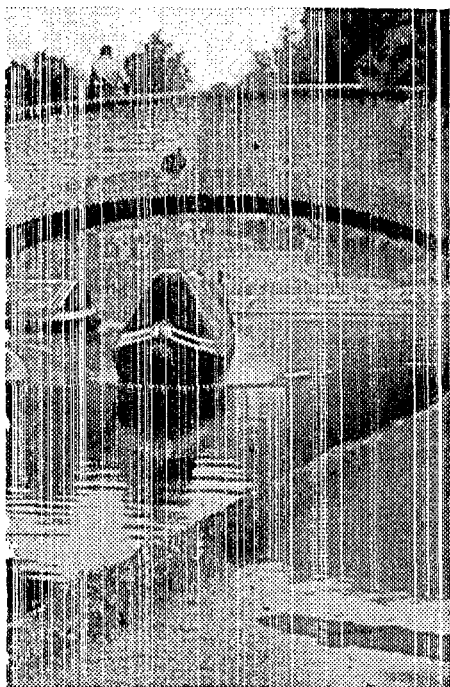


The network of canals in England.

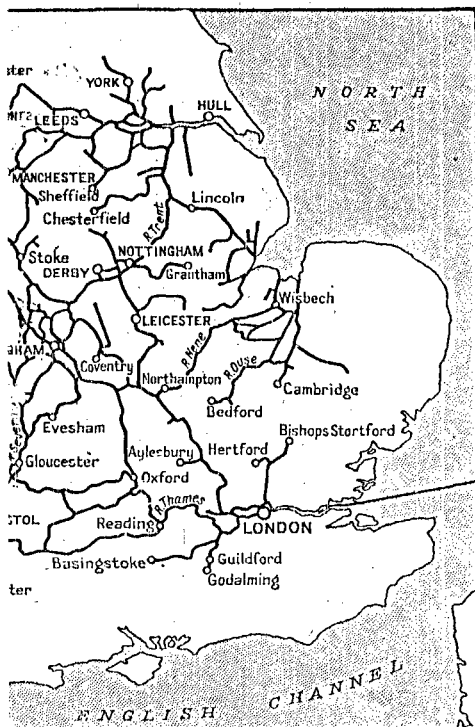
COMING TO OUR CANALS



Help from the wind on a Yorkshire canal



Grand Union Canal at Watford



England's chief canals and navigable waterways

own river is busy with traffic up to Brentford, where a branch of the Grand Union emerges, and small craft carry goods to Reading and Lechlade, though much bigger barges ought to be using this long stretch of the Thames.

In the west the Severn is a waterway for traffic between Shrewsbury and Gloucester, where a ship canal is available for craft which cannot negotiate the difficult estuary of the river. It is the north-west arm of the cross which has been so important in our industrial history, serving as it does the potteries and the Black Country. The Shropshire Union Canal through Chester and the Trent and Mersey Canal through Stoke form what may be called a double arm through this important industrial part.

As readers of the C.N. know from the records and pictures which have appeared in its pages in recent years, the Grand Union Canal Company has been showing how it is possible even at this late day to revive the traffic by water which the founders of our Industrial Age established before George Stephenson revolutionised transport with his locomotives.

While railway companies have allowed their canals to become choked with weeds, and remain at best the breeding grounds for waterfowl or the happy haunt of the angler, the Grand Union has widened its canal, enlarged locks, rebuilt bridges, and placed on the deeper waters a fleet of motor-barges capable of carrying remunerative loads.

Relieving the Roads

It has installed apparatus at its London dock to enable the goods on the barges to be transferred easily into the holds of steamers which are now carrying them to Antwerp, there to be placed once again into barges and borne south, east, and north throughout that network of European waterways which more far-seeing nations have wisely preserved.

There are undoubtedly greater possibilities for our old canals if only they are adapted to modern requirements. They will never, it is true, be able to compete with road and rail where speed of delivery is essential; but there are tons of goods, manufactured and unmanufactured, which can be transported cheaply and efficiently by canal and river, thus setting free our roads for the traffic which they best can bear.

It is more than time that something was done to see that our waterways contribute their share to the relief of the roads, and so help to solve the tragic problem of our highways.

Changing Seasons of the Year

WINTER SLOW TO COME SUMMER LOTH TO GO

*No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No-venber.* Tom Hood

TIMES have changed since Tom Hood wrote his dirge about November.

We have only to look about us to see that he is out of date, and that November is what October used to be, and this year's October was for three weeks as sunnily bright and warm as any September.

Memory about weather is very short, and we might distrust the impression that summer lingers longer now if the secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society did not support the notion. He brings clear evidence from the records of the Weather Office that the seasons are lagging behind. They seem to have taken their cue from Summer Time.

October is the leader in the change. For a hundred years till the outbreak of the Great War it was the wettest month, easily beating July, its nearest rival. But since 1915 it has come only fifth in order of wetness, easily outdistanced by July and by August as well.

The Hottest Month

August has grown more rainy than of old because of the thunderstorms, which duly followed the old joke about an English summer as three fine days and a thunderstorm. But its fine days have made a notable advance in temperature. In 1911 and in 1932 the thermometer rose to close on 100 degrees in the shade at Greenwich Observatory, and of the five hottest days of the year in London since the century began it has claimed four.

September has followed August's lead. The 19th century regarded the summer as all but over when August was ended, but September has changed all that. Since the term heat-wave came into fashion, to describe our land's hot spells, September has had numbers of them. Only ten times in 60 years of the last century did the thermometer rise above 85 degrees in September. In the last 40 years it has got there 19 times. Four times it has had the hottest day of the summer, and once as late as September 25.

October caught part of the infection, and in the last 16 years has put up a record of over 80 degrees four times.

The whole calendar seems to be shifting in the same way. In the south of England the snowy Christmas of the days of Charles Dickens and Mr Pickwick have gone. The snow sometimes comes just afterwards, but its longest permanent stay was in the winter of 1895 when the cold lasted till April.

In the years of this century January has passed on the claim to be the coldest month of the year to February. That is when our English winter now begins, though we once heard a famous Frenchman who had lived many years among us declare that it begins on the 1st of May.

April Rains

That is a libel, but the character of April since 1915 has deteriorated in a way to account for it. For 20 years before 1900, and for 15 years after, April was the driest month, and it yielded nearly 160 hours of sunshine, more than five hours a day. Since then it has never ranked as a dry month; its rainfall has doubled, its sunshine lost an hour a day. May has attempted to follow the bad example, and the bitter cold of mid-May the year before last is a thing which, however short our weather memory may be, we are not likely to forget. The fruit growers and the farmers have good reason to remember this disastrous time.

Yet if we no longer can sing with Robert Browning:

*O to be in England
Now that April's there!*

we may remember that these periods, though enduring for a number of years, are never permanent. Did not Oliver Goldsmith write that "winter lingering chills the lap of Spring"? And even Robert Browning, in 1846, wrote that the cold weather was continuing, and that it was not "the moist, fresh, bright, true April of old years."

The weather always comes back: the old-fashioned winter will return in its due season, and spring will not be far behind.

The Porter and His Load

ALADY who has arrived in England from India has been telling an odd story of an experience she had at Port Said with an Arab porter.

She had luggage enough for two men: a big cabin trunk, two suitcases, and a hatbox; but with an eye to profit he insisted on carrying the lot, and away he tottered with his burden.

In the crowd he collided repeatedly with other Arab porters who had not secured an engagement. As if following a practised ritual, each porter thus assaulted looked at the culprit, glared at his load, saw that his hands were fully occupied and beyond retaliation, and

then soundly smacked his face! Prevented by his burden from either defending himself or from avenging the insults, the greedy one still staggered on, and smack, smack, smack went the slaps on his cheeks as again and again he blundered into his luggageless fellow countrymen. His only reaction was verbal, but, like the offended gipsy girl in the poem,

*Oh, the den of wild things
In the darkness of his eyes!*

Yet all was well with him as he at last disposed of his burden and drew the reward which two men should have shared.

Even a Plant Has a Thirst For Gold

EVEN plants, it seems, are not free from a thirst for gold.

Beech and willow have been found by Dr Babichka, of Prague University, to absorb traces of gold with the moisture they drew up from soil which had been sown with a few grains of the metal. It reappeared in their fibres as well as in the seeds of some other plants sown in the same soil. All the plants lifted the gold, though the quantities were so small that only the most delicate tests by a spectroscope detected it in their ash when they were burnt.

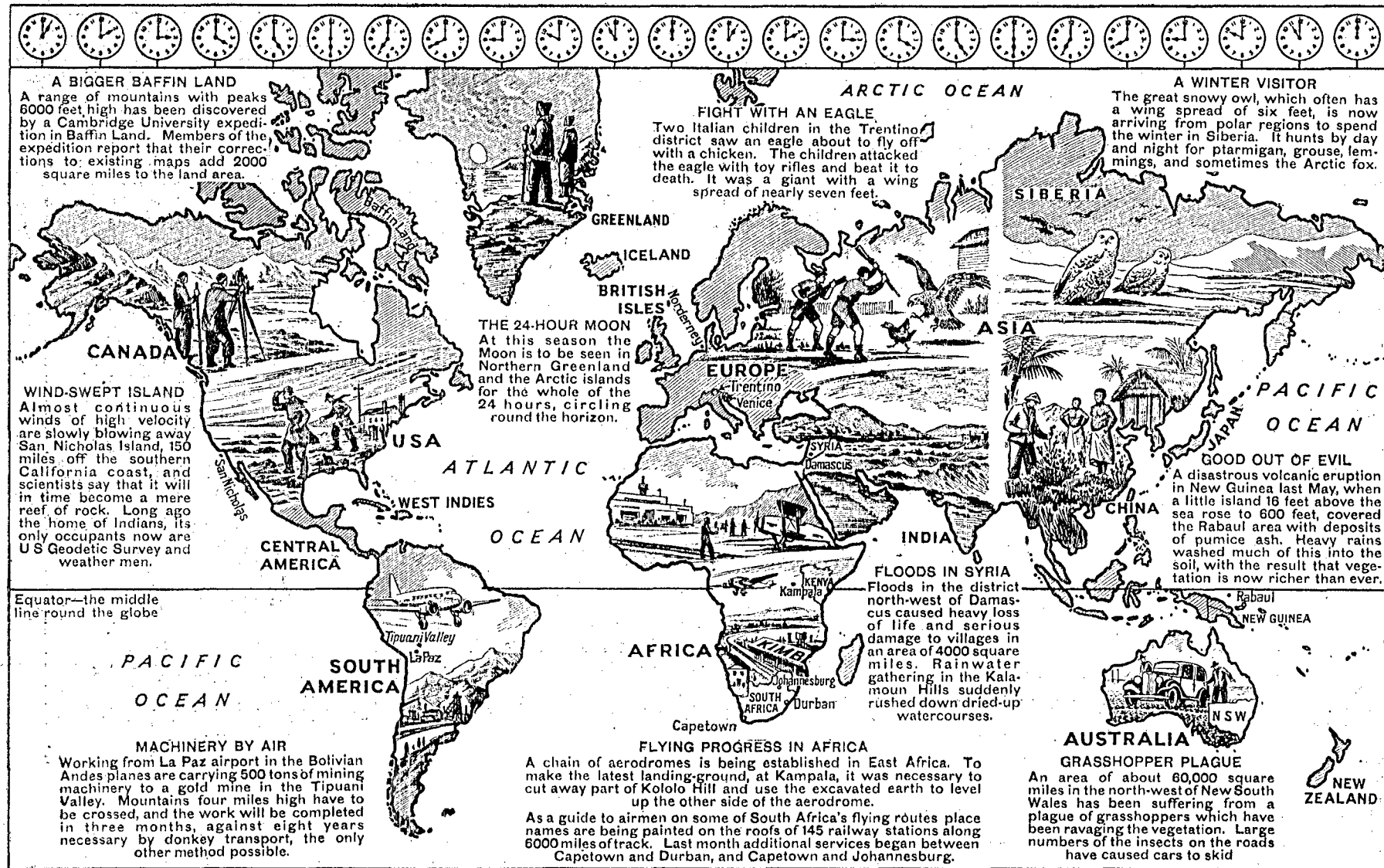
These delicate tests for gold in the ash of plants have been put to another use in Russia, when maize brought

from the region of Lake Tambukan in the North Caucasus was submitted to them by Dr Babichka at the Soviet Government laboratories. He found traces of gold in the ash when the maize was burnt even at low temperatures.

The quantity is so small that there is as little question of extracting it for profit as of obtaining gold from sea water; but its presence is taken to be a sure indication that there is gold in the soil where the maize grew.

The maize thus acts as a gold diviner, pointing the way to where gold may be found. Whether it will be more profitable to search the soil than to search the seed remains to be seen.

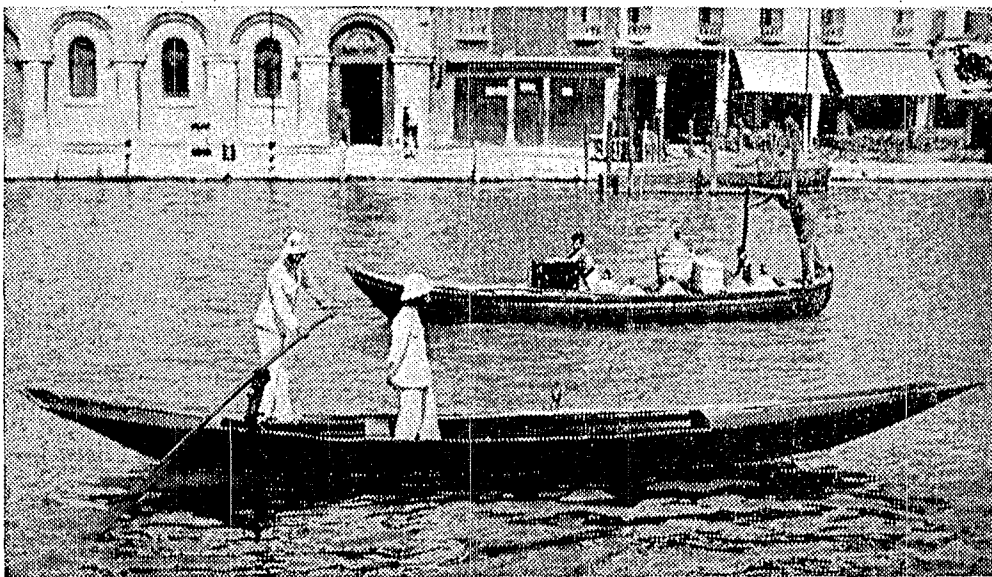
Pictures and News From All Over the World



Kenya—A native with a bunch of freshly-gathered bananas



Germany—Planting a hardy grass at Norderney, the North Sea island, to prevent the sands from shifting



Italy—In Venice as elsewhere it is necessary to have traffic police. Here are two on the lagoon

THE APPROACH OF EROS

Is It a Tiny Twin World?

By the C.N. Astronomer

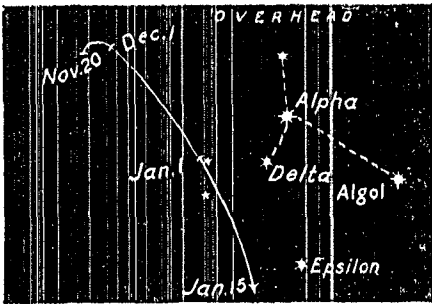
A very strange and queerly-shaped little world is now speeding through the high regions of the heavens toward the Earth.

This is Eros, which periodically approaches very near to our world and is now due, after its long journey of 420 million miles to far beyond the orbit of Mars. It takes Eros 643 days to perform this cycle, but about 845 days to catch the Earth up, as it were, and return to its nearest point to her orbit. On the coming visit of Eros our world and Eros are expected to come within 19 million miles of each other by the middle of January next. Eros will then be much the nearest celestial body to us, except, of course, the Moon, and it may be possible at times to see it with good field-glasses. Its present position and the path Eros is expected to take in Perseus are shown on the star-map of the north-east sky. This is not far from overhead between 7 and 8 o'clock.

Only 22 Miles Long

The chief interest in this little world lies in its curious variations in magnitude, or brilliance, and evidences of remarkable shape. Its variations in light are so regular as to indicate that it rotates in about five hours and at a tilt that varies according to the point of view from which we observe it from the Earth. More singular still is the evidence of its remarkable elongated shape afforded in 1931 when Eros approached within 16½ million miles. Only about 22 miles long and 7 miles wide, it is a little smaller than the Isle of Man and just about the size and shape of the Isle of Arran in Scotland.

Imagine either of these islands, with their rugged contours and rocky bases, to be hurtling through space in a varying path that at times carries it overhead and sometimes within 14 million miles of the Earth; then we have a very good picture of Eros. Moreover, each successive path of Eros, after it leaves the vicinity of the Earth, is influenced to a great extent by the gravitational attraction of Jupiter, and to a lesser degree by



The chief stars of Perseus, showing the anticipated path of Eros

Mars; the nearer they happen to be the greater they affect the passage of Eros through space. This so modifies its path and speed as to provide just the possibility that on one of these returns Eros might venture so close to our world as never to leave it again, but continue to revolve round the Earth very much as Phoebe does Saturn.

Much interest attaches to the coming appearance of Eros, for some expert observers have, in the past, thought it appeared narrow in the centre, like a dumb-bell, or even divided into two bodies travelling together; in this case Eros would constitute a new kind of heavenly body—a twin planetoid.

The most useful purpose Eros has served since its discovery in August 1808 has been to enable astronomers to measure the distance of the Sun. As this distance, known as the *Astronomical Unit*, constitutes the astronomer's standard "yard measure" it has become the measure upon which all distances are based in the heavens.

G. F. M.

Little Portraits

DR JOHNSON



TALL and massively built, he had immense physical strength; but he was grotesque in appearance, for he was never still and his face was always twitching. Even when sitting in a chair his body was constantly swaying backward and forward; and it is recorded that sometimes when reading a book as he walked through the fields a crowd would gather round and laugh at his strange antics.

He was deaf and very short-sighted, and very rough-mannered. He was slovenly in his dress and clumsy at table. Though often ill-tempered, always quick to defend himself, he could be extremely polite and very gentle. He had a brave spirit, once beating off four robbers single-handed. He loved walking. At 50 he climbed a tree, and at 55 he solemnly rolled down a hill to show how nimble he was.

All his life he had a lumbering gait; and he never grew out of his boyish way of tapping posts with his stick, and counting steps every time he went up them. He had a habit of talking to himself and muttering prayers; and sometimes he would be lost in abstraction. If ever he quarrelled he was quick to make friends again. He was kind to servants, loved animals of all kinds, and adored children.

THE PREHISTORIC CRAB

An Early Crawler in London

About 50 million years ago the sea left Middlesex covered with what is now called London clay.

A crab, which had been left high and dry, sank into the clay and became a fossil. The sun rose and set some 19,000 million times, and in the meantime the greatest city in the world rose on the London clay.

Some men who have been working on the Highgate Tube extension have now dug out the prehistoric crab, which was buried about 86 feet deep in the London clay of the Eocene period. This is the name given by geologists to the earliest of the four divisions of the Tertiary Era. They cannot give us the exact age of the crab, but calculate that the London clay was deposited some 50 million or 60 million years ago.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 38 the two best entries were sent in by Graham Morgan, Beechcroft, Tubbenden Lane, Orpington, Kent; and Bernard Wilkes, 227 Shelley Road, Preston. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The twelve prizes of half-a-crown have been awarded to the following:

Ronald Barber, Rothwell, near Leeds; Mildred Boyden, South Norwood; Richard Durling, Crediton, Devon; Valerie M. Elliott, Bromley; Sylvia Fuller, Trowbridge; Robin Gregory, Surbiton; David Higgs, Walthamstow; D. Keeley, Campden, Glos; Olive Krause, Nottingham; Royston Lacey, Seer Green, near Beaconsfield; Marjorie Law, Oldham; Ernest Richardson, Shetfield.

TINS IN MILLIONS

No Danger to Health

Many people must wonder at the immense quantity of tinned food we consume in these days.

About 1600 million tins or cans were used in England last year, and the number is increasing by leaps and bounds. The modern tin can is coated inside with one or two layers of lacquer, and on the composition of this lacquer a great deal of scientific experimenting has been done. Most cans have a double coating of lacquer today, though rhubarb is the only vegetable which attacks tin. Asparagus, dwarf beans, and spinach are also packed in double-lacquered cans.

There is very little danger of any harmful effects from the food becoming contaminated with tin, as even after storage for five years it has recently been proved that 80 per cent of the tin is not in a form in which it can be dissolved by the digestive juices. It has also been found by actual experiment that as much as two grains of tin can be taken daily with no ill effect.

A NATIONAL CALAMITY

Still Fewer on the Land

In spite of all efforts the number of land workers in England and Wales continues to fall.

The Agricultural Returns show that while in June 1936 there were 640,600 farm workers, a number incredibly small, in June this year the count was only 631,000, covering not only men, but boys, women, and girls. The number of regular agricultural men workers was only 394,800.

The future promises a still lower figure, for the boys on the land are diminishing rapidly. In June there were only 94,500, compared with 100,700 last year.

Turning to Scotland, we find that again there is a decline, the number of men, women, boys, and girls on the land being only 110,200.

For all Great Britain to have only 741,300 agricultural workers, and no fewer than 111,000 of these casuals, is a national calamity.

A Slip of Memory

The Editor much regrets that by a slip of memory he allowed it to be stated in the C.N. a few weeks ago that the captain of the Titanic went down with his ship, came up again, and was rescued.

The fact is that the captain of the Titanic went down with the ship and was drowned; it was the captain of the Lusitania who went down and came up again.

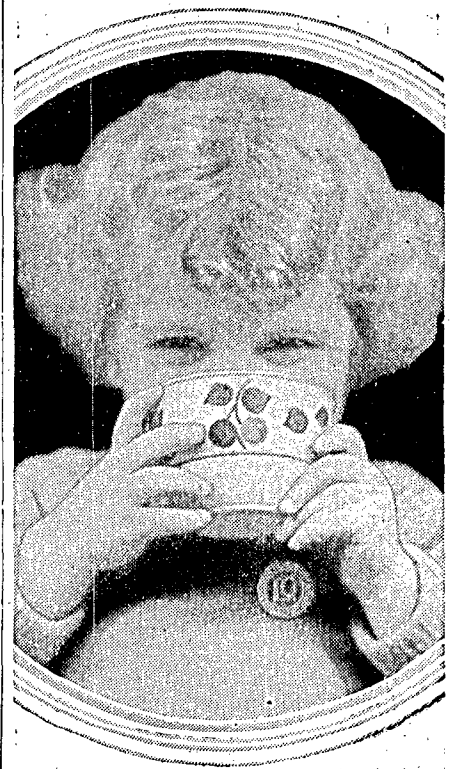
25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of November 1912

The Presidential Election. The election campaign during this year was conducted with vigour and enthusiasm until the middle of October, when a terrible thing happened. Mr Theodore Roosevelt was on his way to address a meeting when he was shot in the breast by a madman. The bullet fortunately passed through the manuscript of his speech, and spent much of its force before entering the flesh.

Mr Roosevelt faced the situation with great courage. He had been almost within sight of death, yet he made his speech, and showed the audience the hole in the manuscript made by the bullet. At the end of the meeting he was taken to a hospital, where his wound was examined and found to be three inches deep, a rib having also been fractured.

Both his rivals at once closed their campaigns. They ceased to address audiences, refusing to support their own claims while their opponent lay on a bed of sickness.



He's a happy, healthy
Ovaltiney!

DO you know about the League of Ovaltineys? All over the country many thousands of boys and girls belong to this great League and proudly wear the bronze badge of membership. They have their own private highsigns and signals and a special code for secret messages. The Ovaltineys' Own Comic is their newspaper, full of jokes and exciting stories, and they have their own Ovaltineys Concert Party and jolly League songs.

The League of Ovaltineys was founded by the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' to promote the happiness and well-being of children everywhere. Every Ovaltiney drinks his cup of 'Ovaltine' every day, and that is why they are all such bright, happy people. Delicious 'Ovaltine' is the perfect food beverage for children. It is rich in just the right kind of nourishment needed to build up body, brain and nerves—and keep them full of energy and vigour. Make 'Ovaltine' the daily beverage in **your** home.

OVALTINE

Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
P351A 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

Every Boy and Girl should join the League of Ovaltineys

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official rule-book and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 184, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

POST FREE

This case contains three trial bottles of **Mason's Wine Essences**, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 9d. to:—

NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., NOTTINGHAM

Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

COUPON

I enclose 9d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences. (Non-alcoholic)

Name & Address in Block Letters

Dept. C.N.

Satisfying and Saving—

SHREDDED WHEAT

FOR BREAKFAST

The nicest way of taking

HALIBUT-LIVER OIL

Haliborange 2/6 & 4/6

of all chemists

Made by **ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd**

MAGNESIA DISCOVERED TO WHITEN TEETH

How easy to have snowy-white teeth, according to the advertisements! Just use the right dentifrice, and dingiest teeth turn gleaming white. Well, it's true to-day, thanks to the discovery of what a certain brand of magnesia does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel.

If your toothpaste contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' its daily use will wash away every stain. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. 'Phillips' Dental Magnesia,' containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Countless people have found this to be so, because twelve thousand dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their patients. It has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

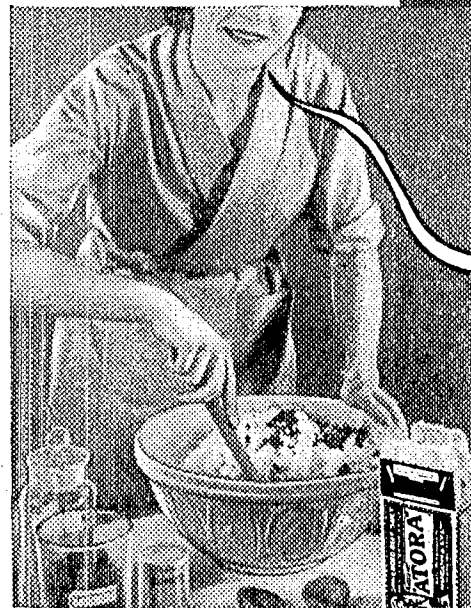
But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

Why it is better to make your CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS now



THE MELLOW SMOOTHNESS OF A GOOD CHRISTMAS PUDDING ISN'T PRODUCED IN FIVE MINUTES.

ALL THESE RICH SPICY FLAVOURS NEED TO BLEND AND MATURE, AND THAT TAKES TIME.



SO I USE "ATORA" AND MAKE MY XMAS PUDDINGS EARLY. BECAUSE I KNOW THEY WILL MATURE TO PERFECTION

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

1 lb. Self-raising Flour, or
1 lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder.
1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. 1 lb. Candied Peel.
1 lb. Sugar. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Bread-crumbs. 1 Nutmeg. 1 eggspoon Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

These recipes are from the 'Atora' book of 100 tested recipes. Send postcard for a copy, post free—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester, 11.

N.51

Hugon's

ATORA

THE GOOD BEEF SUET

MINCEMEAT

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. 1 lb. Citron Peel. 1 lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. 1 lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 1 Nutmeg, grated. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. 1 teaspoon Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

STRAW IS WEALTH

A Foundation Material For the Factory

The remarkable popularity of cellulose is raising some anxiety as to the sources of its supply.

Cellulose, of course, is the cellular tissue or framework of all plants, and it ranks high among the manufacturer's modern materials.

One of the triumphs of industrial science is the transformation of cellulose into artificial fibres and other products.

Silk and wool are not composed of cellulose; they are essentially animal products. Science has produced artificial silk from cellulose by copying the spider's spinnerets, but the result is not a true silk, for it is not a non-conductor of heat and electricity, as silk is. So we find a silk garment warm and an artificial silk garment cold.

With some success artificial wool is also being produced from cellulose, but the result, as in the case of artificial silk, is not a non-conducting material. Some of the artificial wools are very beautiful, however.

The uses of cellulose have been extended so widely that in various developments we find it as paper, artificial fibre, film, plastic material, and many other things, including high explosive and sugars. In Britain, Germany, America, and Italy cellulose is the subject of intensive research, and new products are being rapidly added to the long list of its derivatives.

The problem arises, in view of the rapidly increasing consumption of wood, the original source of cellulose, how to supplement the supplies of the material. The Germans hope to make extensive use of straw for the purpose, and the problem is receiving special attention. There seems no essential reason why straw should not become an invaluable source of cellulose. "Not worth a straw" is likely to become an obsolete saying, and no more is a man of straw a symbol of poverty, as in the days of old.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Professor John Hilton will give a talk next Tuesday on the problem of the young people who will soon be leaving school and seeking a place in the world.

The Feature Programme on Friday will deal with Thanksgiving Day in America, which is celebrated on November 25.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Plant Cell: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Senior Music: by Thomas Armstrong. TUESDAY, 11.25 History in the Making: by John Hilton. 2.5 More About Birds and Beasts of Prey: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Milton: by Ian L. Serrailier. 3.0 Fugue (2): by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Fall of Rome: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Fisheries: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 An Orchestral Concert by the BBC Scottish Orchestra.

THURSDAY, 11.25 From the Algerian Tell to the Sahara: by Stella Worthington. 2.5 Our Village—at the Parish Council. 2.30 Travel and Transport: by Rhoda Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Earthquakes and Peaches in Chile: by John Candia. 2.30 Thanksgiving Day: by S. P. B. Mais. 2.55 Some Poems. 3.15 Next Week's Broadcast Music: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 On Being Objective: by a Medical Psychologist.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training. Using the Tongue: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 2.5 The Forest Floor: by J. A. B. McDonald. 2.30 Modern Ballads: by W. M. Clyde.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—Dwellers in Two Worlds: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Time and Tune—Keys: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—A Winter Walk: by A. Scott Kennedy. 3.5 Scottish History—Union or Separation?: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Highways and Byways Through the Alps: by P. R. Crowe. 2.55 As National.

Complete in Two Parts

THE LUCK OF THE LANYONS

By
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 3

Trapped in The Flow

NED took it calmly. "Glore's a bit of a brute," he said, "but Uncle Clive wouldn't do a thing like that. If you ask me, they are simply hooking it—going off to some place where they can hide The Luck."

"I hope you're right," Ivor answered. He looked again at the launch behind them. She was a big, powerful craft, twice the size of his own Dawn and powerfully engined. She could stand up to weather which would be far too much for his little boat, and was, of course, much faster. Two heads were visible in the hatchway, and, though the distance was too great to identify faces, the size of one man made it certain that he was Sam Glore.

Ivor knew a deal more about Glore than Ned did. The man had a bad reputation. He had been suspected of smuggling for years but had never been convicted. He posed as a lobsterman, but profits from lobster pots had never bought that big launch, which must have cost several hundred pounds. In old days there had been wreckers along the Cornish coast. Glore was descended from a family of these unpleasant people, and Ivor was well aware that he was just as unscrupulous as any of his ancestors.

The Dawn was running about half a mile out from the cliffs and parallel with them. Ivor ported his helm and turned in toward the shore. At once the other craft changed course, cutting in almost a right angle so as to intercept him. Ivor came about sharply, and instantly Glore's boat did the same. Ned saw.

"Looks as if you were right, Ivor, and I was wrong," he said. "They are after us. What are we going to do about it?"

He was quite cool and Ivor gave him an approving glance. He eased the boat over a big roller and glanced at the coast. It was all cliffs and reefs, and with the rising sea smashing on the rocks the outlook was not pleasant.

"The Flow is our only chance," he said. "That's not much good, Ivor. We can't land. There's no beach at all, even at low tide. And I don't believe there's any place where we could climb the rocks. Even if we could do that you'd lose your boat. You couldn't anchor or tie her up."

"I know all that, Ned," Ivor said. "But there are lobster pots in The Flow." Ned's eyes widened. "How does that help?" he asked.

"I'll tell you. My notion is to fasten our anchor rope to the buoy of one of the pots and run it across the mouth of The Flow. D'ye see what I mean?"

For a moment Ned frowned in puzzled fashion, then his face cleared. "I see. Glore might get his screw tangled in the rope. It's a great idea—if it works."

"If it works," Ivor repeated. "That's just it. We'll have to be pretty nippy if we are going to finish the job before they are on top of us. And it all depends on whether there's a buoy in the right place."

Wind and tide both were setting The Dawn in toward the coast and Ivor helped with the tiller—but not sufficiently to give away his intentions to Glore. He drove his small boat as fast as he dared. Spray flew over her in sheets and to some extent hid her from the eyes of the pursuers. By this time the sea was so rough that even Glore seemed to be slackening speed a bit.

When The Dawn came opposite the mouth of The Flow she was still a good way ahead of Glore's boat. It was risky work turning across the end of the sea, but Ivor knew his little craft as a good horseman knows his horse. He made no mistake, and almost at once The Dawn was in smoother water under lee of the great reef of rocks called The Tusks, which ran out from the cliff to the south of the narrow bay.

"There's a lobster pot," he heard Ned say. The boy was pointing to a battered buoy which rose and fell on the swell close under a black ledge.

Ivor glanced first at the buoy, then over his shoulder out to sea. Glore's boat was out of sight, hidden by the reef. But he knew how close it must be and how desperately short a time he had for setting his trap.

He turned the bow of The Dawn toward the buoy, at the same time cutting off the motor. "Get forrard, Ned," he ordered. "Get hold of the buoy."

As Ned leaped up into the bow, Ivor pulled out his sheath knife and jumped to the coil of anchor rope which lay forward under the spray hood. He cut the rope away from the anchor ring. Ned, leaning out dangerously, had already got hold of the buoy and was lifting it inboard.

Even here, under lee of the rocks, the swell was heavy and the boat was drifting fast toward them. Ivor had to spring back to the cockpit, get hold of the tiller, and start the engine again.

He called to Ned.

"Make the loose end of the anchor rope fast to the eye splice of the buoy. Then chuck the buoy over again, and be quick! If Glore sees us we're done."

At this very moment the wind brought a rain squall. The rain beat upon them, cold as ice; but never had Ivor been more grateful, for the pelting shower cut off sight of everything beyond a distance of 50 yards. Ned's hands were steady as he knotted the anchor rope to the buoy. He heaved the buoy over, and as it fell with a splash Ivor began to manoeuvre his boat across to the other side of the inlet, while at the same time Ned paid out the rope over the side.

Ivor had to be very careful to keep the line free of his own propeller, but he managed this cleverly. He gave Ned fresh directions.

"There's a life preserver under the hood. Get it out and make the rope end fast to it."

Ned nodded and bent the rope to the cork lifebuoy. By this time The Dawn had reached the opposite side of the little inlet and something like 50 yards of rope lay all across the opening.

"Over with it," Ivor ordered, and just as Ned cast the lifebuoy into the water the squall passed. As it drove away both boys saw Glore's big craft not 200 yards away, bearing straight into The Flow.

"He didn't see us," Ned said.

"No, and that's thanks to you, Ned. You didn't waste any time."

"Think it will work?" Ned asked.

"Haven't a notion," Ivor answered; "but if it doesn't—" He said no more. It wasn't necessary, for both boys knew better than to expect mercy from Sam Glore. No help was possible. Out to the east Ivor could see the smoke of a steamer, and a trawler outward bound was also visible. But neither was near enough to render help, even if their look-outs did by chance see what was afoot.

Now there was nothing to do but watch the approach of their enemy. The big boat was so close that they could see Glore's face. It looked like a malignant mask as he handled the wheel of his big craft, easing her over the big seas. Beside him was a tall, gaunt fellow with a big nose.

"Who's that chap?" Ned asked. "I never saw him before."

"I think it's his brother Steve," Ivor said. "He's not a beauty."

The big boat was moving at about eight knots. She loomed larger every moment. The wake boiled white under her stern as she swung into the entrance of The Flow.

"There they be, Sam!" The big-nosed man was on his feet, pointing to The Dawn. "Trying to hide under them rocks."

Sam said nothing, but the look on his face was enough. He turned his boat and drove straight at The Dawn. There was no doubt about it. He meant to catch her amidships and sink her.

CHAPTER 4

A Wreck and a Rescue

Ivor's heart was in his mouth. Ned sat quite still but he had gone rather white. Ivor's eyes were on the lobster-pot buoy. He saw it jerk; then it went under. Next moment the lifebuoy disappeared, and with that the engine of the big boat began to slow.

"They're caught," Ned whispered.

"Don't crow. They may get clear," Ivor answered.

With a savage exclamation Sam Glore thrust the clutch lever into reverse. The big boat backed. Again Ivor held his breath. Was she going to get clear? No. The exhaust slowed again, the gears ground horribly, and again the launch came to a standstill.

"The prop's caught in something," Steve Glore said.

"Any fool can see that," snarled Sam, as he strove desperately to release her. It was useless. The steel blades of the

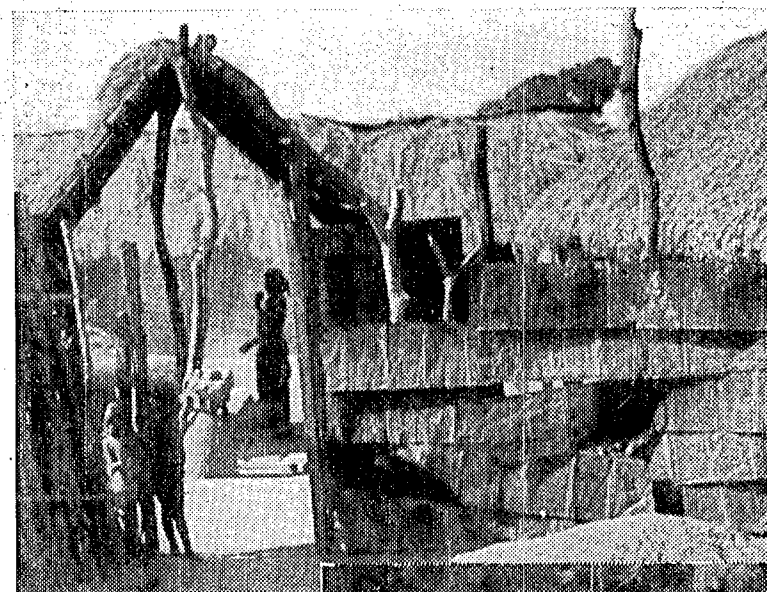
Continued on page 14

KOFI IN COCOA-LAND

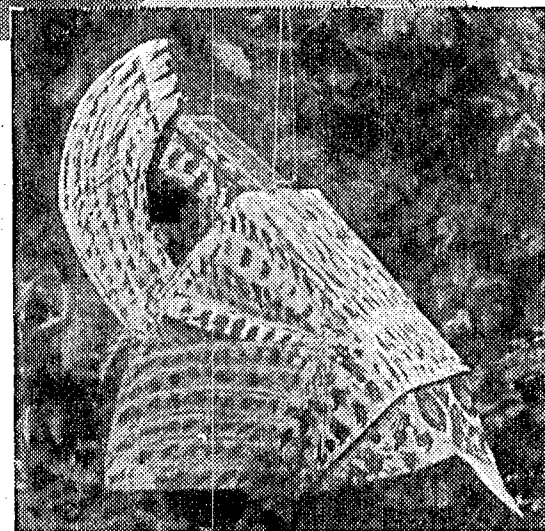
Here are homes



This is the sort of house that my father grew up in. You will probably think it a bit rough and ready, but you must remember it is only within the last thirty years or so that we have begun to change our ways. The old houses, like this one, are arranged according to a rough plan. Each farmer has his huts arranged round the four sides of a square, with an entrance to the village street. Dining-room, sleeping-rooms, kitchen, wash-rooms, Cocoa-store and fowl-house make up his home. Look at my brother's new bicycle.



Now this picture shows you quite clearly how we build. The little fellow is standing in the door leading to the village street. You can see how the houses are built around the central yard. I expect you laugh. What do you think of the wall? It is made of petrol cans. We use them for every sort of thing in Cocoa-land. You will see how strange some of these things are in the next picture.



This is a tsetse fly trap. We have all sorts of ways of killing these flies. This trap is made out of old petrol cans and is hung up on a wire so that it sways round in the breeze—inside is honey and other sweet things the flies like. We wish we could kill all the tsetse flies. They bite animals so much that we can't keep any horses or cows. But little by little we are winning our war against this great enemy of the Gold Coast.

Continued from page 13

screw were all wound up in the rope. The big launch was completely helpless.

"Get your knife, Steve. Tie it on the boathook and try to cut her loose," Sam ordered. Steve got busy. Sam went on working with the engine. He slammed the gear to and fro, driving the boat a few yards forward, then back. It sounded as if the engine was being shaken out of her bed, but it did no good.

"Haden't we better clear out?" Ned asked Ivor.

Ivor had been so intensely interested in Glore's fight to get clear that he had forgotten everything else. He came to himself with a jerk.

"Yes, of course," he started the motor, and the trusty engine's bark was music in his ears. He steered away to the left so as to keep as far as possible from the Glores. There came a yell from Steve.

"Hey! We're sinking! We need help!" Ivor throttled down. He looked suspiciously at the big boat. "Sinking," he repeated. "That's a yarn."

"It's truth," Steve yelled. "The stuffing box has tore away: water's coming in fast."

"I believe he's right," Ned said. "She's down by the stern."

But Ivor kept his boat away from the launch.

"You meant to sink us," he retorted, "and now you've sunk yourselves. If you suppose I'm going to take you aboard you've got another think coming."

"Aye," answered Sam savagely. "And if it hadn't been for this rope we'd ha' got you, you interfering brats!"

Ivor laughed.

"You're honest, at any rate, Sam. Seems to me you've given the show away. It was you who stole The Luck."

Sam started shouting horrible threats. The man was beside himself with rage. But Steve, who was baling hard, was scared.

"What's the good of talking like that?" he demanded. "D'ye want to drown both of us? They ain't going to take us off if you threaten 'em that way."

Sam turned on his brother. "Bale, ye fool! We kin get out of this if you keeps your head."

Ivor spoke. "We've got to stand by, Ned. They're a couple of bad eggs, but we can't leave 'em to drown."

Ned looked at the waves which were smashing into the mouth of the cove.

"We'll have to wait anyhow, Ivor. I doubt if this boat could live outside."

They could not anchor for they had no rope, so Ivor kept the engine turning just enough to hold them off the rocks, and meantime Steve baled while his brother worked desperately to stop the leak. The two brothers were too busy to speak, but their looks, when they glanced across now and then at the boys, were worse than any words.

Now something else happened. As the tide rose the swell that rolled into The Flow became larger and heavier, and both boys noticed that the big power boat was getting nearer and nearer to the rocks. The Glores had, of course, put out an anchor, but it was not holding. The bottom here was all rock. Slowly but with terrible sureness the launch was nearing The Tusks. Steve, as he flung a bucket of water over the side, saw a black ledge open under a wave barely fifty feet from the bow. He yelled:

"Sam, she's dragging! We're on the rocks!" Sam looked up, and now at last the boys saw terror on his face. He leaped for the anchor rope and hauled on it with all the strength of his great arms. It was no use. The hull lifted on a green roller, and Ivor opened his throttle and sent The Dawn driving toward the big boat.

"Sam," he shouted, "are you going to own up you took The Luck?"

Sam glared at him. "And if I don't?"

"Then Ned and I are going home," Ivor answered.

"If you do you'll never see your Luck again," Sam growled.

"Which means you did take it," said Ivor.

"I ain't saying nothing," Sam answered doggedly.

Ivor moved his boat away. The anchor was still dragging and every moment the launch came nearer to the fangs of rock. Steve broke down.

"Sam took it," he screamed. "It's down in that there—" And then Sam's fist caught him in the jaw and knocked him flat.

"So you'd rather drown, Sam," Ivor said curtly.

"I ain't going to drown. She's holding now," Sam retorted sullenly.

"Wait and see," was all Ivor said.

The anchor did hold for a little, then the drag began again. A bigger swell came rushing in. The launch lifted, shot forward, and with a crash the bow came down on a submerged reef.

Ivor waited no longer. He shot up under the stern of the launch.

"Steve first," he said, and Steve, still groggy from the blow, clambered aboard. Sam plunged after, and only just in time, for a second wave lifted his launch, and in a trice she was a complete wreck.

Sam sat staring at the remains of his boat vanished beneath the waves. All the heart seemed to be knocked out of him.

Ivor spoke.

"Sam, if you give us back The Luck we'll take you home and say no more about it."

Sam glared. "Take me home! You'll take me up to Plymouth. Get out o' that cockpit. I'm sailing her."

This was exactly what Ivor had feared. He and Ned were helpless against this giant, who could pitch them overboard like two puppies if he wished. But he kept cool.

"You can't take her out yet; it's too rough," he said.

"I'm the best judge o' that," Sam retorted, as he stepped aft. He caught Ivor by the collar. "It was you hung that cord as wrecked my boat," he growled. "I've a mind to chuck you after her."

From behind him came Ned's voice.

"I wouldn't if I were you, Glore. Here's the police boat."

Sam started and stared out to sea. A big launch was smashing her way through the waves toward the mouth of The Flow. Sam swore savagely and dropped Ivor. Then he suddenly jumped overboard and swam for the rocks.

Ivor sprang to the tiller, turned the boat, and went after him. He had just reached him when the police boat arrived.

With the help of Sergeant Summers they hauled Sam aboard. He refused to speak, but Steve, thoroughly scared, gave the whole thing away.

The Luck, he said, was in the lobster pot where Sam had hidden it that morning before daybreak. Sam, it seemed, had got the secret of its hiding-place from Ned's uncle, while the latter was tipsy, and had been waiting his chance to steal it.

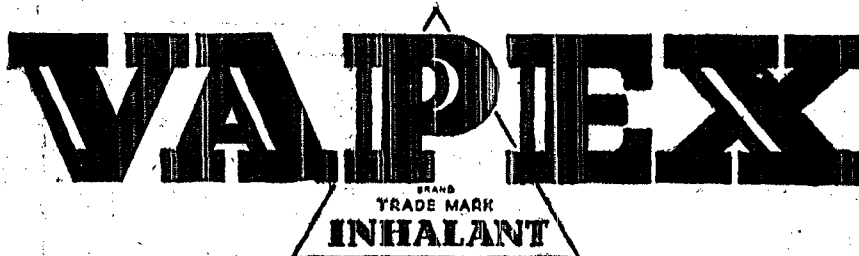
So The Luck went back to Salterne and Sam went to prison. Steve escaped prison, but was so scared that he left for parts unknown. Ivor and Ned still fish together, and sometimes Sergeant Summers joins them.

THE END

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Rainfall . . . 2'36 ins.	Falmouth . . . 3'70 ins.
Sunshine . . . 82 hrs.	Aberdeen . . . 3'38 ins.
Dry days . . . 24	South'pton . . . 2'75 ins.
Wet days . . . 7	Birm'ham . . . 2'67 ins.
Warmest day . . . 2nd	Chester . . . 2'44 ins.
Coldest day . . . 13th	Tynemouth . . . 2'04 ins.
Wettest days . . . 22, 27	Gorleston . . . 1'65 ins.

STOP THAT COLD before it becomes dangerous



Neglected colds open the door to Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and other troublesome and dangerous ailments. Used when the first symptoms of a cold appear, Vapex will stop it quickly and safely. If you have let your cold develop, Vapex will shorten the duration of the attack.

Vapex is pleasant, safe, economical and dependable. It contains no harmful drugs. Vapex has been stopping colds for over twenty years. Just sprinkle a drop on your handkerchief and a drop on your pillow and breathe the healing vapour freely.

Where colds are caught



—in cinemas, theatres and public halls—in train, tram, bus and tube, infection is spread by those who will not stay at home with their colds. Vapex will protect you all day and every day. Germs are everywhere, so take Vapex everywhere. Simply breathe the vapour from your handkerchief.

In school, too—



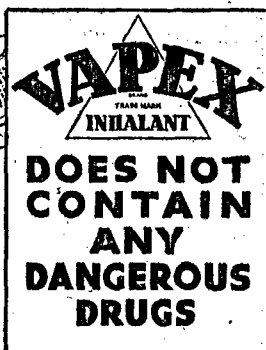
most class-rooms are infected with cold germs all winter, due to thoughtless mothers sending cold-ridden children to school. Protect your child with Vapex every day.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM A HOTEL MANAGER
"My doctor advised Vapex and now the whole staff use it at the first tickle in the throat. Last winter we did not have one serious cold."
—Hotel, London, W.2.

V168

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

In the warm recesses of the nose and throat, the germs of the common cold lurk and multiply with unbelievable swiftness. Science knows many ways of destroying them, but there is none so pleasant or so safe as Vapex, sprinkled on the handkerchief or the pillow and breathed freely.



A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT
Vapex is so potent that it actually gains in strength after exposure to the air, and a single sprinkling gives all day or all night relief.

Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

After this

you need

for Fitness

OXO

USED IN MILLIONS OF HOMES

16,000 "TREATS"

will be given at Christmas to poor East End Children. Remember the Little Ones. 2/- pays for one "Treat"—£5 for 50. How many may we entertain as your guests? R.S.V.P. to The Rev. Percy Ineson, Supt., EAST END MISSION, Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1

STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT FREE!

You will find the contents of this wonderful advertising offer of great use. They include: Ruled Duplicate book and perforation measurer, 34 all different stamps, pkt. of stamp mounts, metal watermark finder, 100 Titles of Countries. Amongst the fine stamps are sets of Colonials, Philippines, Bohemia, Hungary, old Canadians (King George), Indians and Hong Kong, also Swiss. Finally, two splendid sets, 3 Montenegro and 5 Australasians. Complete parcel, including 1937 Catalogue, absolutely free. Just send 2d. postage, requesting approvals. LISBURN & TOWNSEND LTD. (G.N.), LIVERPOOL 3.

MECCANO

BOYS! THIS IS THE GRANDEST NEWS YOU'VE EVER HEARD!

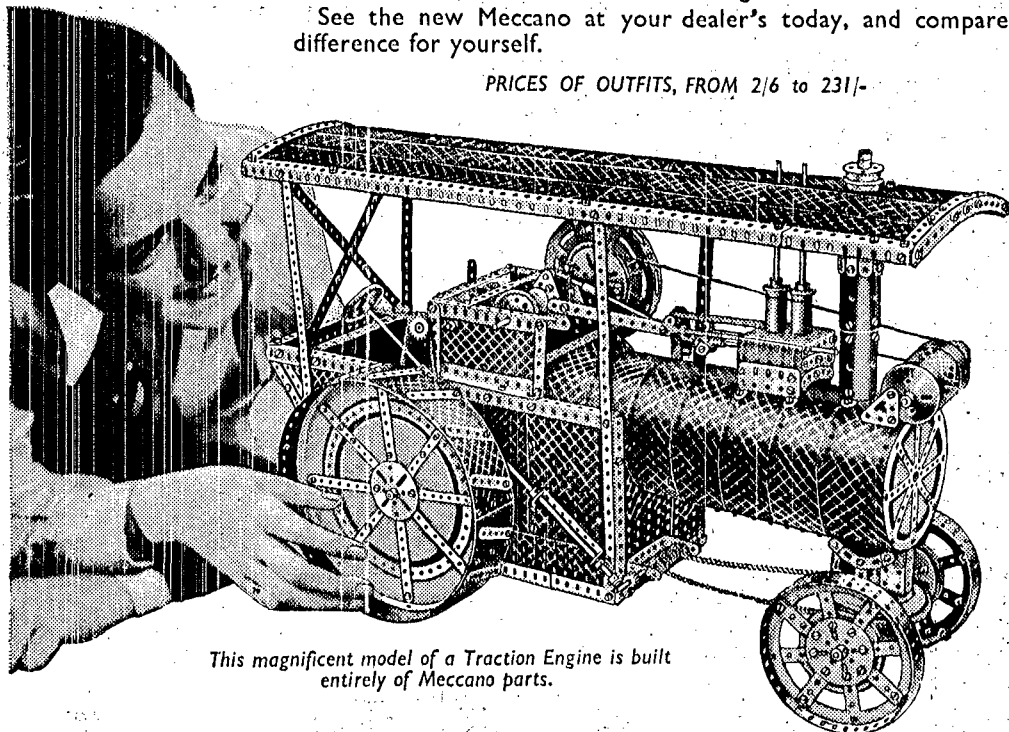
Bigger Outfits and new models! That's fine, but it gives no idea of the bigger thrills and greater fun in this year's Meccano.

Every Outfit, from the smallest to the largest, is enlarged. The models are all new! All more realistic. All more interesting to make. All more fun to play with. And they nearly all work just like the real thing.

With even the smallest Outfit any boy can build the most wonderful toys quite easily—Cranes, Trucks, Aeroplanes, Bridges, and scores of others. He can play with them as long as he wishes, and then take them to pieces and build something else.

See the new Meccano at your dealer's today, and compare the difference for yourself.

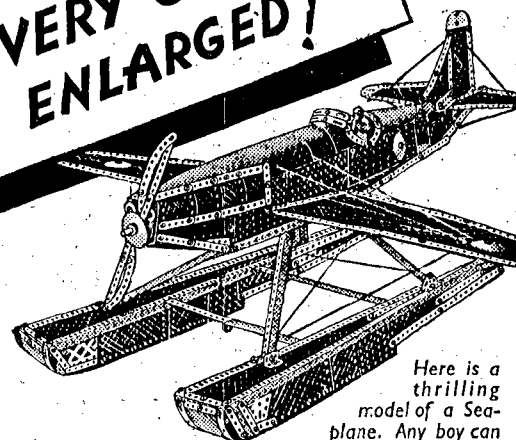
PRICES OF OUTFITS, FROM 2/6 to 231/-



This magnificent model of a Traction Engine is built entirely of Meccano parts.

*The finest
hobby in
the world
for boys*

**EVERY MODEL
NEW...
EVERY OUTFIT
ENLARGED!**



Here is a thrilling model of a Sea-plane. Any boy can build it with Meccano.

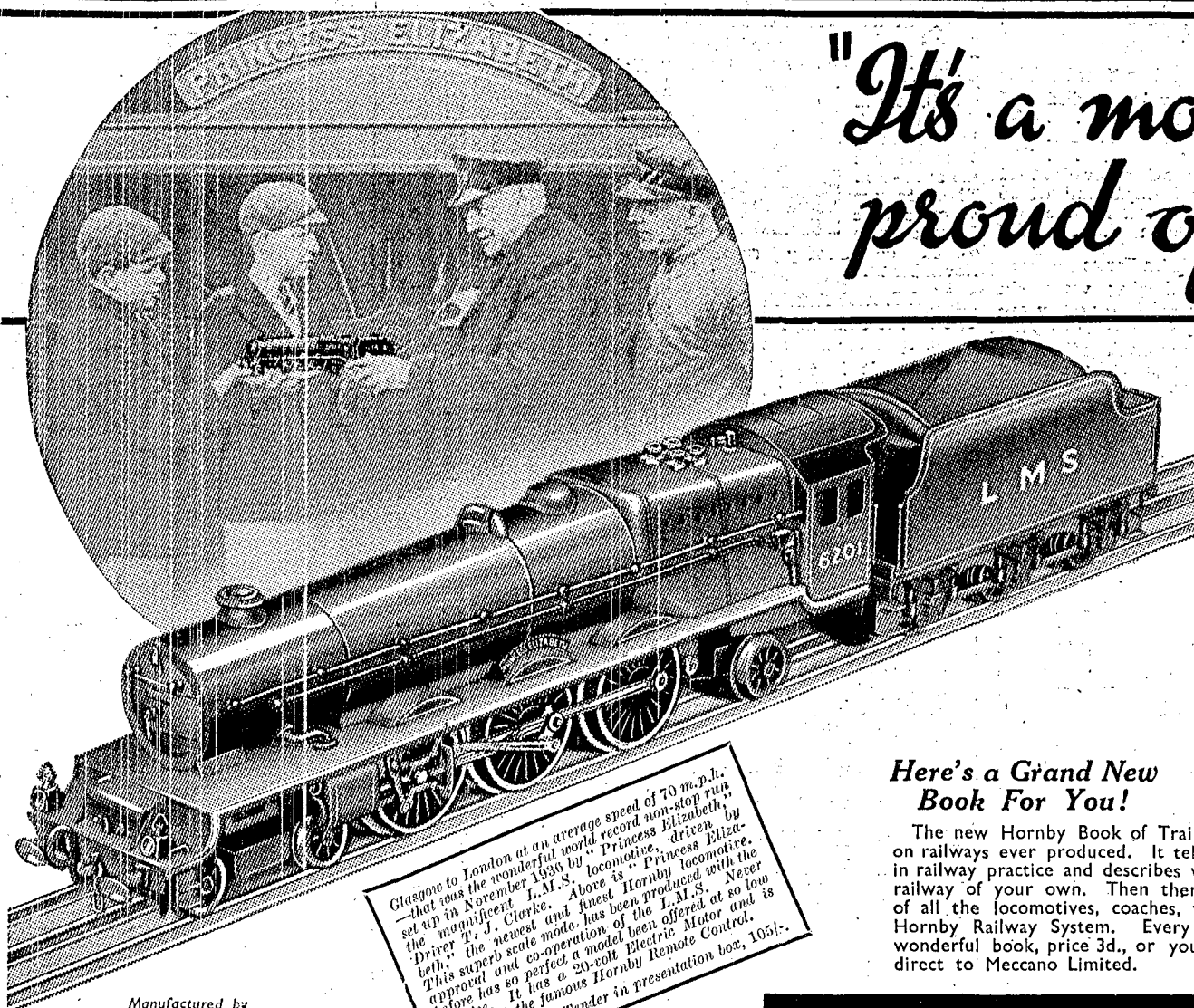
A FINE NEW CATALOGUE—FREE TO BOYS!

Get this complete 72-page catalogue from your dealer today, or write direct to us for a copy, enclosing the names and addresses of three of your chums. It contains full details and illustrations of the new Meccano and all the other good things that are made in Meccanoland. It will help you better than anything else to choose your present for Christmas.

Manufactured by

MECCANO LTD. DEPT. 27 BINNS ROAD LIVERPOOL 13

*"It's a model to be
proud of"* —SAYS
DRIVER CLARKE



Manufactured by
MECCANO LTD. (DEPT. Q.R.),
BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13.

Glasgow to London at an average speed of 70 m.p.h. —that was the wonderful world record non-stop run set up in November 1936 by "Princess Elizabeth," the magnificent L.M.S. locomotive, driven by Driver T. J. Clarke. Above is "Princess Elizabeth," the newest and finest Hornby locomotive. This superb scale model has been produced with the approval and co-operation of the L.M.S. Never before has so perfect a model been offered at so low a price. It has a 20-volt Electric Motor and is fitted with the famous Hornby Remote Control. Locomotive and Tender in presentation box, 105/-.

Here's a Grand New Book For You!

Prices of Hornby Trains from 4/11.

The new Hornby Book of Trains is one of the most interesting books on railways ever produced. It tells you all about the latest developments in railway practice and describes vividly the thrills of building up a model railway of your own. Then there is a superb catalogue, in full colour, of all the locomotives, coaches, wagons and accessories included in the Hornby Railway System. Every Meccano and Hornby dealer has this wonderful book, price 3d., or you can obtain it by sending 4½d. in stamps direct to Meccano Limited.

HORNBY TRAINS

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 20, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Jumbled Stations

If the letters of the following phrases are placed in a different order they will spell the names of six big London railway termini which ought to be known to you all.

NO SUET DONT DIG NAP
CAN STRAIN SAP
MORE BY LENA TEAR WOOL
RANCII COGS SIR Answer next week

Peter Puck on School

I REALLY don't like saying "No." It is not in my line. But when it comes to Latin, well, I simply must decline.

This Week in Nature

THE great spotted woodpecker can be found tapping away at tree trunks and removing the wood-boring insects for food. This species of woodpecker is more plentiful in this country at this time of the year than in summer, thousands of them coming from the Continent to winter here. The pied plumage of the bird is set off by a scarlet patch under the tail, and a similarly coloured bar at the back of the head.

Ici on Parle Français



La bottine Le cabinet de travail Le tapis
boot study carpet

Tu es un méchant garçon! Regarde donc tes bottines! Tu as laissé de grandes traces de boue sur le tapis du cabinet de travail.

You are a naughty boy! Just look at your boots! You have left great muddy marks on the study carpet.

Yes, You Can!

WHEN you are standing in the dark, Without a ray of light, or spark, Please tell me now what you can see? A funny joke, quite easily

A Book Game

HERE is an amusing game for indoors or out-of-doors.

Take any particular author and make up a little story, working in as many of the titles of his books as possible. Each player should form one sentence, to include at least one title.

Here is an example with Dickens's works:

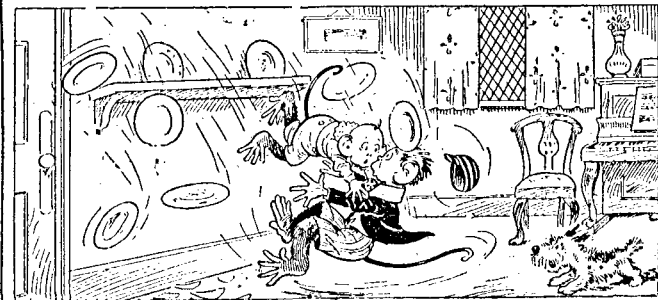
Oliver Twist, who had some very Hard Times in the Battle of Life, was saved from the

JACKO LAUGHS TOO LONG

MOTHER JACKO was so proud of the lovely old china that Grandma had sent her that she had a shelf put up for it in the parlour.

Jacko thought it an idiotic idea. "Fancy sticking plates on a wall!" he said scornfully. "Plates are meant for dinner," he added, giving Baby a sly dig.

All the same, they looked very handsome when they were arranged round the walls on the very deep shelf which the carpenter had put up.



Baby flung up his arms and jumped

Jacko thought it was much too deep. "Big enough to hold you too, Baby," he said, with a grin. And, catching hold of his little brother, he swung him up on it.

Baby laughed like anything, and kicked his heels joyfully against the cream walls. But he didn't feel any too safe.

"Now take me down, Jacko," he begged.

But Jacko stuck his hands in his pockets and just laughed.

"Take me down!" screamed Baby. And when Jacko wouldn't he flung up his arms and jumped.

Unfortunately, so did the plates. Bang! Crash!

"What are you two doing?" called Mother Jacko.

Jacko couldn't tell her for Baby was sitting on his head.

Wreck of the Golden Mary by Our Mutual Friend, Nicholas Nickleby. He had been reading A Tale of Two Cities to Martin Chuzzlewit, while The Cricket on the Hearth had been chirping merrily, and The Chimes from the church next door to The Old Curiosity Shop at Mugby Junction rang out clearly.

What Happened on Your Birthday
Nov. 21. Henry Purcell died 1695
22. Clive of India died 1774
23. Richard Hakluyt died 1616
24. John Knox died 1572
25. Sir Francis Chantrey died 1841
26. John Loudon McAdam died 1836
27. Magellan entered the Pacific Ocean 1520

Hidden Names

IN the following verse six boy's Christian names are concealed.

Red winter sunsets tinge the snow,
Through Lenten weeks the chill winds blow.

Then April shower on alder, harch,
And elm comes on the heels of March.

Anon comes June and labourers bending,
When each his garden is attending.

The climax comes with golden sheaves,
The harvest home and autumn eves.

Answer next week

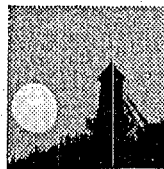
Letter Puzzles

CAN you express in two letters each an English county, a girl's name, the plural of a vegetable, containing nothing, too much, a pepper, to lay hold of, to surpass, a prophet, comfort?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter and Mars are in the south-west, Saturn is in the south, and Uranus in the south-east. In the morning Venus is low in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon at nine o'clock on Sunday evening, November 21.



A Proverb Rewritten

It's no use shutting the stable-door after the horse is stolen

USELESS it is to close the aperture left by the carpenter in the building in the mews after a period has elapsed since the noble gee-gee has departed.

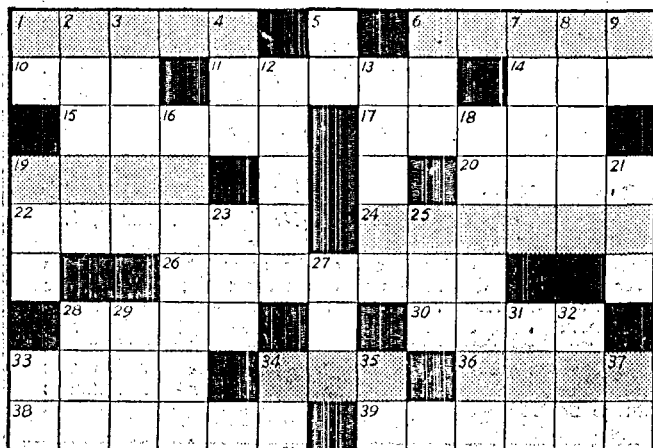
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Problem. Twenty stones
What Is It? Chocolate
Behanding. Clover, lover, over

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1. Small members of the horse family. 6. Convey. 10. To eat the evening meal. 11. A kind of seed. 14. Helps to propel a boat. 15. One with mouth open wide. 17. People of ancient Peru. 19. A cereal. 20. Well-known town on the Trans-Siberian Railway. 22. Harsh, grating sounds. 24. Four-legged friends of man. 26. Confined within bounds. 28. Small block of granite. 30. To proceed upward. 33. This very place. 34. Devour. 36. Those. 38. A climbing bird. 39. Fish baskets.

Reading Down. 1. Old Roman copper coin. 2. This is sweet. 3. Sudden flood in a mountain stream. 4. South-south-east. 5. Behold. 6. Central on the telephone. 7. Wanders. 8. Carnivorous animal related to the civet. 9. Year. 12. Bar of glass of triangular section. 13. Correct. 16. The Book of Psalms. 18. A smokeless gunpowder. 19. The tenth month. 21. Knight of the Star of India. 23. An outfit. 25. Poet's term for over. 27. Girl's name. 28. The ocean. 29. To go astray. 31. Personal pronoun. 32. Snake-like fish. 33. Horse power. 34. French for and. 35. Town Council. 37. Manuscript.



A well-known proverb is hidden in this puzzle, the words appearing in the lightly-shaded squares. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Wrong Turning

TONY and Madge were let out of school early. The fog was growing thicker every minute, and they had to walk, pushing their cycles.

"I'll walk in front, on the edge of the curb, with my cycle in the gutter, to lead the way," suggested Tony; "you keep your front wheel just touching my back tyre."

They walked steadily along, coughing a little as the fog got into their throats. At the cross-roads Tony peered in all directions and rang his bell hard. "All clear, Madge," he shouted, and darted across.

Madge followed. After a little blinking, she saw the white patch on Tony's back mudguard ahead, and ran her front wheel close up again.

"We must take great care at the next big crossing," said Tony, "or we shall take the wrong turning."

They stood for several minutes to be quite sure the road was clear. "Ready! Steady! Go!" cried Tony at last, making for the island in the middle of the road.

"There is something here!" said Tony.

A tiny black kitten rubbed against his legs.

"Oh, poor darling! It's lost in the fog. Could you manage to carry it, Tony?"

Her brother was already tucking it inside his overcoat. "We'll take it home for a saucer of warm milk," he said, and, telling Madge to come quickly while the road was clear, he led the way across.

"Now we shan't be long," cried Madge happily, and began counting the white front gates which showed mistily through the fog. "Six, seven, eight—this is it, the ninth gate."

Throwing their cycles outside the porch, they threw open the front door.

"Here we are, and see what we found in the fog!" cried Tony, hurrying into the dining-room.

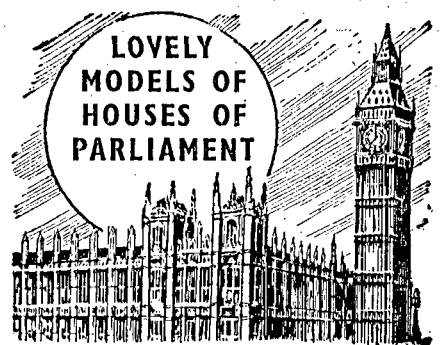
A strange lady and gentleman looked up from their tea!

"Oh! Oh! We took the wrong turning after all!" cried the children together.

The lady and gentleman looked quite startled. Suddenly the lady laughed, and held out her hands. "Why, you have found my lost Tibbs for me! How very kind!"

She poured out a saucer of milk and put it on the hearthrug for the chilly kitten.

"Perhaps our little visitors would like some tea too," said the gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye. "I know them by sight quite well. They live in the ninth house in the next avenue! I have seen them on my way to the station."



LOVELY
MODELS OF
HOUSES OF
PARLIAMENT

FREE

TO SCHOOLCHILDREN

Only the heads of schools in Great Britain can apply for this lovely free gift, so you must ask your teacher to get one for you. It is a realistic model of the Houses of Parliament, with background and river, beautifully coloured and made in good, strong cardboard. The fun of it is, though, that you actually make the model yourself—by cutting out pieces from a sheet and fitting them together by tabs and slots. Full directions are given so you won't find it too difficult.

Issued by the makers of H.P. Sauce which you all know and like.

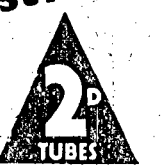
H P
SAUCE

Large bottle 9d.
Picnic size 3d.



You can taste
the Fruit in
Rowntree's
Gums & Pastilles

3d. and 6d. packets
or sold loose 6d. 1/4 lb.



Car. A.C.N.